

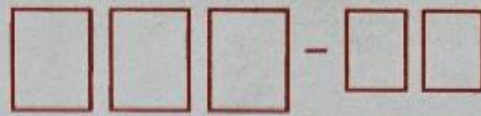
Now the dead have risen...humans become prey and food.

DAY OF THE DEAD

死霊のえじき

Directed and written by George A. Romero; Special Makeup Effects by Tom Savini
Executive Director Salah M. Hassanein, Producer Richard P. Rubenstein,
Cinematography Michael Gornick, Special Effects Steve Kershoff
Zombie masks created by David Smith and Terry Prince
Music by John Harrison, Soundtrack Polydor Records

Postcard



Special preview screening information

死霊のえじき DAY OF THE DEAD

"King" George A. Romero's shocking newest ultra-scary horror spectacle!
Specially invited to the 1986 International Fantasy Film Festival

■ Date/Time	Friday, March 14	6PM doors open
■ Venue	Yakult Hall	Screening begins at 6:30PM (Yakult Headquarters Building, 1-1- 19 Higashi-Shinbashi, Minato-ku)

- 本状1枚1名様有効。▼ 加印券の半額で再入場が可能です。
- Each letter is valid for one person.
Entry after the screening has begun is strictly prohibited.
Please note that we may refuse your request if the venue is fully booked.
Toei Classic Film Co., Ltd. Publicity Department

Movie Novel

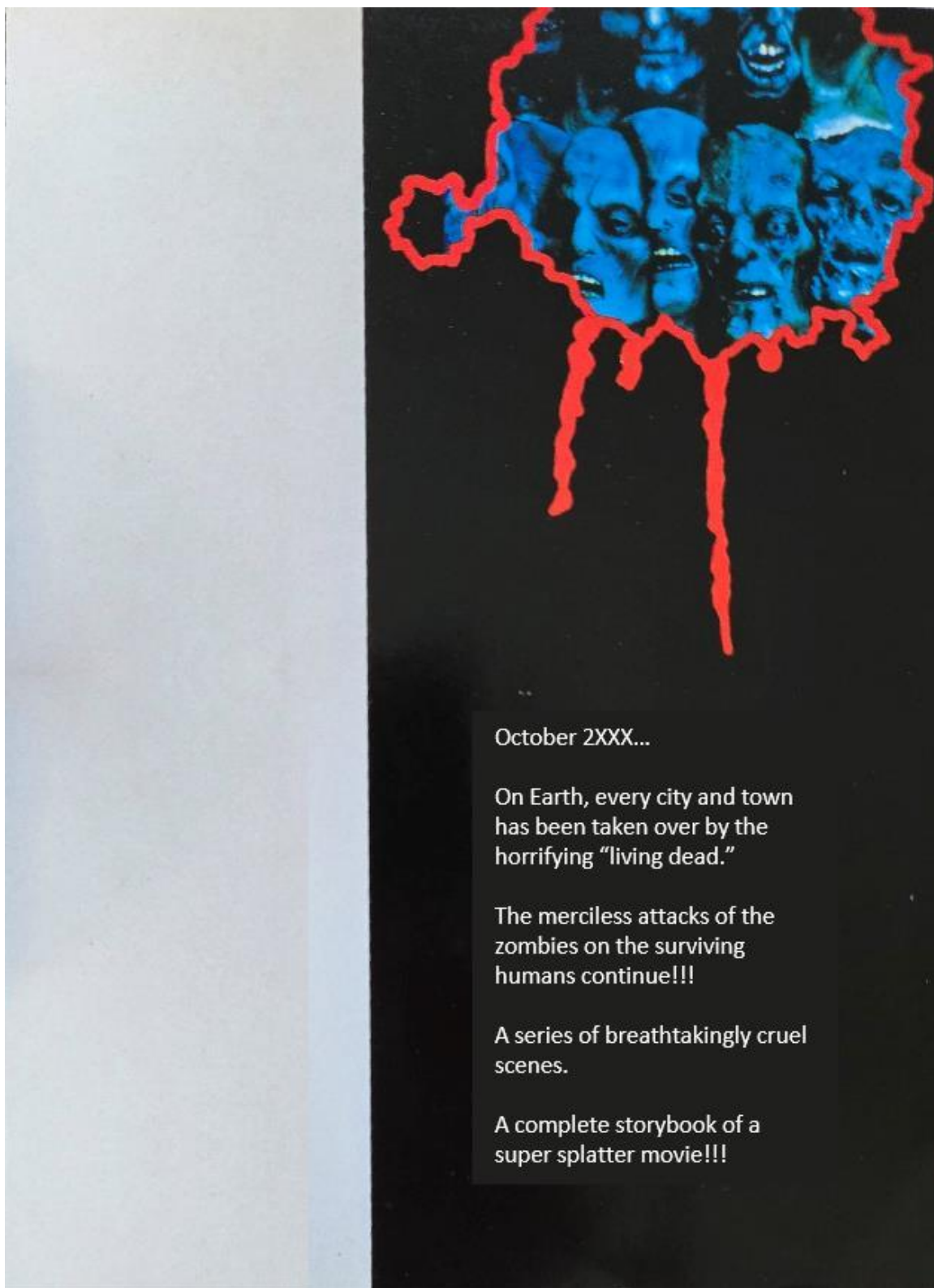
DAY OF THE DEAD

Day of the Dead

ローレ

Laurel Film Productions
By George A. Romero
And Toru Okayama





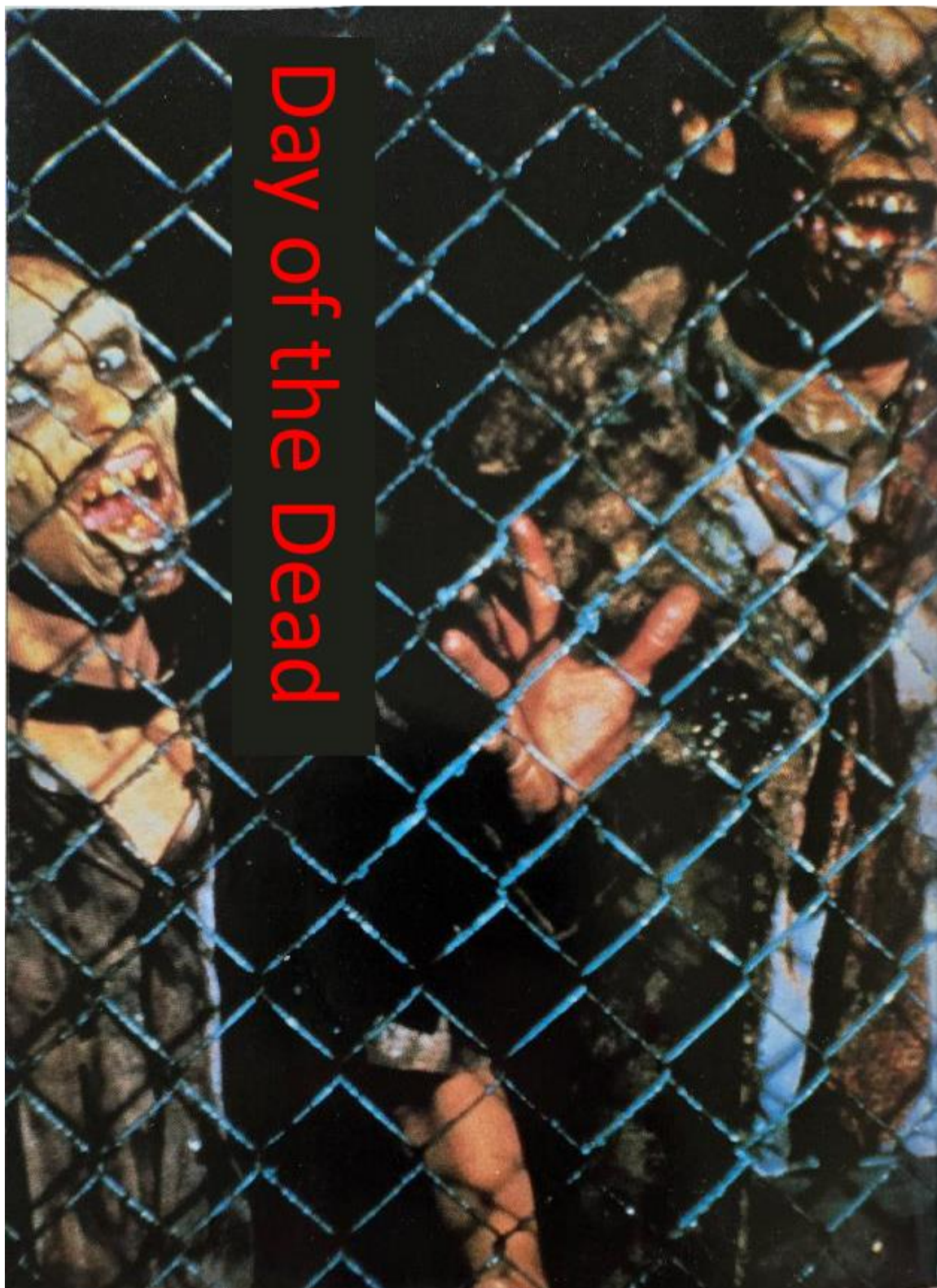
October 2XXX...

On Earth, every city and town
has been taken over by the
horrifying "living dead."

The merciless attacks of the
zombies on the surviving
humans continue!!!

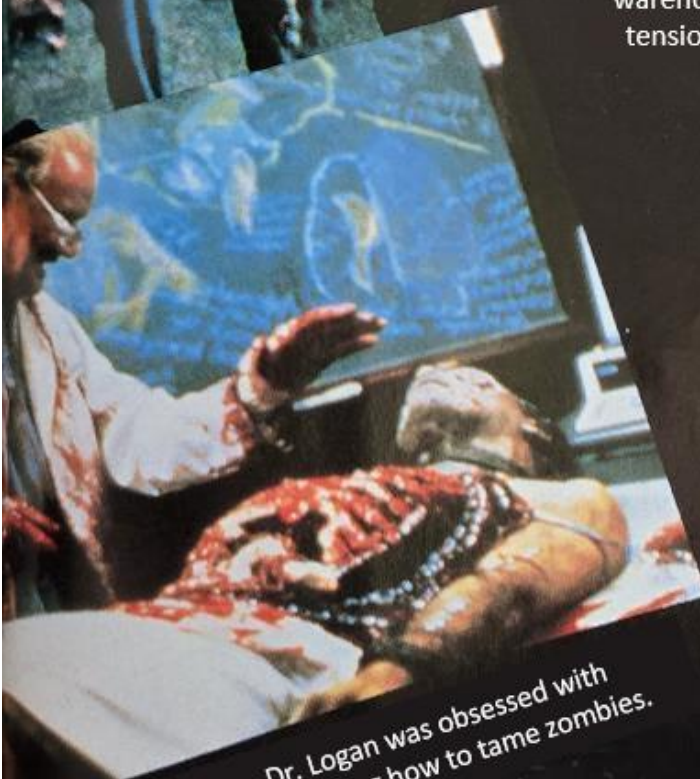
A series of breathtakingly cruel
scenes.

A complete storybook of a
super splatter movie!!!





Conflicts are constant within the warehouse. In an extreme situation, tensions between people also rise.



Dr. Logan was obsessed with researching how to tame zombies.

The doctor's pet Bub began to react.



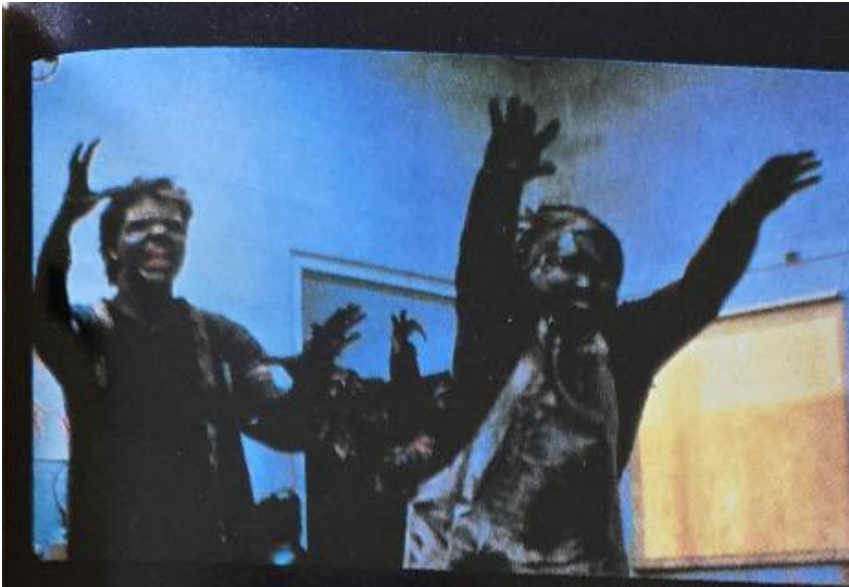


Zombies pour in through the open door!



A zombie's hand reaches out to Miguel, who has prepared himself for death.





It was the only safe place.
There are zombies in the basement, too...

Hordes of zombies mercilessly attack the fleeing humans!



Kodansha Bunko

Movie Novel

Day of the Dead

Laurel Productions Films

By George A. Romero

Written by Toru Okayama

Day of the Dead

Copyright © 1985 UNITED FILM DISTRIBUTION COMPANY

A LAUREL PRODUCTION

All Rights Reserved

Japanese paperback rights arranged through

Tohokushinsha Film Co., Ltd.

and Dela Corporation Inc.

Contents

1	Prologue	16
2	Death March	25
3	The Underground Ranch	32
4	Doctor Frankenstein	38
5	Execution Meeting	45
6	The People Who Blew a Hole in the Sky	50
7	Textbook of the Dead	56
8	There's No Smoke Without Fire	63
9	Surrounded by Enemies	69
10	The Promised Land	82
	Making of DAY OF THE DEAD	87

Characters



Sarah (Lori Cardille)

A strong-willed and intelligent female scientist, she is the last woman remaining in the underground warehouse base. Aside from her research into zombie extermination, she joins the men in searching for survivors and helping capture zombies for research, showing her outstanding drive and determination. Even in extreme situations, she never loses sight of herself. She constantly opposes the military, which tries to suppress the scientists by force, deepening her conflict.

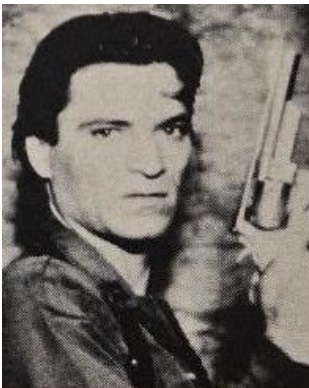


John (Terry Alexander)

He is a Jamaican-born pilot. He and his partner live in a cabin far from the residential area. He does his job reliably, but is uncooperative in other matters. He refuses to listen to Sarah's attempts to persuade him. He speaks mechanically and cold, but his thoughts are philosophical and religious. He also has a strong sense of justice, and in the end, he is convinced by Sarah's strong influence.

**Dr. Logan (Richard Liberty)**

A scientist nicknamed “Frankenstein.” A talkative but charming old man. He is immersed in research to tame zombies. He names the highly responsive research zombie “Bub” and loves him like his own child. However, when the military finds out that he gave Bub the meat of a soldier who died after being attacked by zombies, he incurs the wrath of Captain Rhodes.

**Captain Rhodes (Joseph Pilato)**

Chief military officer. He has been eagerly cooperating with the scientists’ research, but is extremely frustrated by the lack of results. He becomes jealous of Sarah, who is not under his control, and the conflict deepens. A fascist who uses force to suppress everyone and force them to obey his orders. In the worst-case scenario, he is a cold-blooded man who simply abandons his own subordinates.

**Miguel (Anthony Dileo, Jr.)**

Sarah's lover and the person who becomes the trigger for a serious incident. He has sensitive nerves and suffers from insomnia due to abnormal situations. He feels repulsed by Sarah's strong character, and his compassion for her also begins to fade.

**McDermott (Jarlath Conroy)**

John's partner. The only radio operator on the base. He rescues Sarah, who is about to get caught up in a fight between soldiers, and invites her to their cabin. Although he can be a little timid, he is someone you can rely on in times of need.

**Bub (Howard Sherman)**

A zombie kept by Dr. Logan for research purposes. He still has a lot of memories from when he was human, and responds well to the doctor's training. He is never threatening to the doctor, who loves him.

A Novel

**DAY
OF
THE
DEAD**

Toru Okayama

Chapter 1, Prologue

Night came, then dawn, then day.

I should have died a long time ago that night.

Even if I go on and on about whether I'm alive or dead, it's of no importance to anyone other than me anyway. Obviously, it's not something that will hurt me, after all.

When was that? Even that memory, or rather, the memory itself, has faded considerably. So, I only have a vague memory of that time, like looking at things through cloudy glasses.

Let's start by talking about the subject.

That night, I saw a ghost.

It wasn't like "MacBeth," where the forest began to move. No, that wasn't it, it was like the plants were moving. Suddenly, stepping out awkwardly, the thing moving about was a "living corpse," a zombie.

This world, which appears to be dominated by animals, will soon be dominated by plants, and then by minerals.

When animals die out and plants take over, they will push forward with the "logic of quantity," or rather, the "logic of numbers," as if it were a law for humans. A year, a decade, or a hundred years, which are long periods of time for animals, will be treated as just a day for them, and they will gradually take control of the earth's surface.

To the animals, trivial budding and flowering are insidious steps towards domination. That's what they're doing.

Just as animals don't care about plants, I was confident that it would be of no use if I killed the moving vegetative people, the living dead, one by one. However, just as the plants would eventually claim the surface as their own, the corpses were also spreading out because of the "logic of numbers."

That night, I discovered one.

He was walking along the national highway, clumsy as usual. He smelled my raw scent and came towards me. At first, I thought he was just a decent guy asking for a lighter.

When I saw the face of the monster, everything changed. Its eyes were swollen, its nose was gone, the left half of its face had collapsed, and its brain was spilling out.

It was not a living thing at all.

And it attacked me.

I quickly picked up a large rock nearby and, in my fear, threw it at the top of its head. The rock smashed its head perfectly, and it died instantly. I found out later that this was the only way to defeat them. Smash their brains. No matter how much you attack their body, it is completely ineffective. Of course, tearing off their limbs might be effective to immobilize them, but... I felt relieved that I had defeated it, and looked towards the forest a little distance away. However, it was not a forest. It was the shadow of the living dead, a group of its companions, moving around in large numbers.

One-on-one, they're slow, so it's not that difficult to crush them with a well-aimed attack. But just as plants rule the world, when they attack in numbers, they turn from carnivorous plants to man-eating plants.

As you fight one, another slowly approaches. Don't make fun of its slowness.

I wondered if it was because I was black. Black skin was effective in blending into the darkness of the night, but I was slowly getting caught. It was like an animal laughing at the ridiculous slowness of plant growth.

So, frightened by the moving forest, I ran down the national highway. However, there were dozens of moving cannibals waiting for me on my way. I managed to get through them with my natural strength, but when I reached a certain gas station, I was impressed with myself for having survived so long.

Damn! At a time like this, I'm grateful to be black... Life is so ironic!

But that was just my jealous imagination. That night, I was wearing a white cardigan. Not only was I not inconspicuous, I was too conspicuous. *Black on*

white, it looks like a checkered flag, dammit! I clicked my tongue at this not-at-all-funny thought.

But there was something good about it. At the gas station, there was a truck parked with a full tank of gasoline, with the keys still inside. There was no sign of anyone who looked like a store attendant.

I couldn't see a shadow.

I jumped up and down and hurried to the car.

That's right! First, I have to look for a house! If I can escape to a house, there could be a phone. The phones at the gas station are all dead, so I have to call the police. But what on earth is going on? Where on earth have all the sensible people gone? I was just taking a walk and lying down in a field for a nap, and when I woke up, this is what I was doing!

After a while, the car arrived at a lonely house, and I picked up a wrench that was in the truck bed and approached the house. However, the person inside was not from the house, but a young and beautiful white girl. Moreover, the woman was in a daze and was mumbling about being chased by zombies, so we barricaded ourselves in the house by ourselves.

The owner of the house had been murdered; his gruesome corpse dumped in the second-floor hallway. The woman and I worked together to build a barricade from inside the house. We used anything that could serve as lumber. We ripped off the doors to each room and nailed them to the outside door.

But the woman was no help at all. They attacked her brother in the same way at the cemetery. The woman was in a daze. She was on the verge of going insane.

To my surprise, it wasn't just me and the woman who had barricaded ourselves in the house. A couple, their two daughters, and the eldest daughter's boyfriend, a total of five people, had already barricaded themselves in the basement of the house. They came out of the basement when they heard the radio I turned on. They weren't hungry for food, but for information.

I was short on men, so nothing could have been more reassuring. After all, there were two fully grown men with all their limbs.

However, they insisted that we should barricade ourselves in the basement. They said that if dozens of the Living Dead came in, no matter how much we reinforced the door, there would be no way to hold them back. Among them, the bald middle-aged man who seemed to be the head of the family, looked as if he couldn't stand being under the same roof as a black man for even a second, and dismissed my argument that we should stay on the first floor.

If we escape to the basement, it's easy to defend the only entrance. But if that entrance is breached, there's nowhere else to escape to. If we defend the first floor, even if it is breached, there's still the second floor, and if we're lucky, we can even escape to the basement.

The only person who agreed with my logical thinking was the young man who was the eldest daughter's boyfriend. That sly man.

The husband, who hated black people, was a man who acted on emotion, not logic. He was not only thin-headed, but also thin-skinned.

In the end, the couple and the injured younger daughter barricaded themselves in the basement, while the eldest daughter and her boyfriend, the white woman, and I stayed on the first floor to prepare for their attack.

Soon, their attack began. The living dead, who were lined up outside the house, sniffed the smell of living humans from the doors, windows, and every other gap, and swarmed in, letting out eerie moans.

I came up with a brilliant idea. I came up with it from the information on the TV I had just pulled out from the back, and it said that zombies are afraid of fire. So, I decided to make a homemade Molotov cocktail, throw it out of a second-floor window, and while they were scared, get in the truck and make a getaway.

This plan seemed to work perfectly. The eldest daughter and her boyfriend got in the driver's seat, and I got in the back of the truck to threaten the zombies, and we went to a nearby gas station and filled up with gas.

However, the young man panicked and used a gas hose to spray gasoline on the house nearby. The gasoline ignited from a torch. The truck was engulfed in flames, and I jumped into the gas station.

While they were trying to put out the fire, the two tried to escape in the truck. But the truck burst into flames and exploded. They were too late to escape. Needless to say, the zombies smelled the fire and started eating their organs. I hurried back to the house, but I don't remember much after that. All I know is that the younger daughter, who was hiding in the basement, killed and ate both her father and mother. The girl's injuries were not just injuries, but were from being torn apart by the zombies, and she had also turned into a zombie.

Or did I kill her father while we were fighting? Ah, my head hurts. When I try to remember, my head hurts.

The other white girl had also become a zombie's prey. I still don't know how I got to the basement. In the basement lay the corpse of the father, his head blown off, and the mother, her chest stabbed multiple times with a shovel-like object. I gripped the rifle we had in the house tightly, locked the basement door, and barricaded myself in the basement. In the end, I was the only one left alive.

The first floor had been completely taken over by the living dead, and they were crowding around the basement door, trying to pry it open. In the end, I did as the bald-headed old man said.

I had no choice but to stay locked in the lower room.

I dozed off. I was nervous that the dead couple's bodies would come back to life, and nervous that the door would be forced open. I wonder how long I slept? Before I knew it, there was a noise on the first floor, and I heard a dog barking in the distance. Could it be a vigilante? I approached the door timidly and opened it quietly. The zombies had completely disappeared, and I could see the vigilantes approaching from a distance with rifles through the gap in the window. They joined forces, aimed at the zombies' heads, and fired away, killing them with their guns.

Holding my rifle, I felt happy and approached the window.

I'm saved. I'm saved!

I was hit by a strong blow to my head.

Then, the green of the trees and the beautiful wallpaper of the house disappeared. The whole world turned black and white, and the next moment, the ceiling was covered in blood, and I had no idea what was going to happen next.

Ironically, I was killed by a vigilante. Mistaken for a zombie, I was hit with a fatal blow to the head.

Damn! What the hell! White people!

Everything became nothing, and thus the night came to an end...

And then dawn came.

I found myself wandering around a huge shopping center in the suburbs of Philadelphia. Not as a living human, but as a living corpse. The Living Dead.

If you get hit in the head, you should die forever. However, only the limbic system of my brain was hit, and the central part remained.

And there was no room for me in hell.

When hell is full, the dead will walk the earth!

The teachings of Voodoo were true.

After one death, another death comes, and then another death comes. How many deaths must you overcome before true death comes? When you're alive, you fear death. But when you're dead, you fear that true death won't come.

Moreover, every time the humans on earth uttered unpleasant words like "What the hell. Hell no!", about hell or the Devil, the paralyzed humans could only clearly hear the sounds around them.

I felt as if I was being called back to earth. I was drawn to this shopping center in the middle of nowhere called The Mall, not only because of the smell of the four living people, but also because of a long-standing habit.

Just as I went to buy food once a week, I went to buy human flesh. I wasn't the only one who had gathered there. Like vultures swarming around a corpse, hundreds of similar living dead were swarming and roaming all over The Mall.

Four people had barricaded themselves in The Mall. Three men and one woman. I think that in the past, there was a distinction between men and women.

Anyway, the four of them had barricaded themselves in this huge shopping center. They had set their sights on this place because it had plenty of weapons, ammunition, and cash, as well as food, which is a boring daily necessity. But they didn't need money. Because they could rob as much as they wanted in The Mall without paying anything. I couldn't get close to them because we could see through the glass the fools who were enjoying robbing The Mall. They had locked all the doors of The Mall and kept us out. But it was only a matter of time. It was only a matter of time.

Or, if we find an opening, we will win by sheer numbers...

As the days passed, our zombie comrades gathered around The Mall like ants swarming around sugar. Fearing our ever-increasing numbers, two men from inside went outside and tried to barricade the entrance with a huge truck. However, on the way to The Mall entrance, one of them had his arm bitten by one of our comrades. From this point on, the infectious death began to attack him.

The two desperately evaded the living dead surrounding them and managed to escape into the mall. One by one, they blew off the heads of the zombies with their guns... But the living death was sealed in the huge closed room that was the shopping center. Then the moment we had been waiting for came. A group of men on motorcycles came and it was only a matter of time, it was only a matter of time.

They came to plunder The Mall, breaking down all the doors and breaking in.

They were zombies among humans. They came to plunder their cash, food, weapons, and alcohol. They had no qualms about killing our people. They rode around the stores on their motorbikes, decapitating wandering zombies, stabbing them in the eyes with swords, blowing their heads off with guns, and committing other acts of cruelty. They would kill even humans without qualms.

So, we finally got inside. Now we could win by sheer numbers. After a while, the people who had arrived earlier and the bikers started a gunfight.

It didn't matter to us who won. Soon, our numbers overwhelmed the bikers, and we ate them all up on the first floor. The people who had occupied this place earlier were still alive in the small room above. One of them was killed by a new

member in the elevator. It was the man whose arm had been bitten, and the zombie finally started eating his friends.

We used the elevator, went through the duct, and slowly approached the small room above. The only ones left were a black man and a white woman. However, the two of them left their friends, or maybe their lovers, and prepared to use the helicopter they had brought when they arrived here.

As the two of them headed for the helicopter, the desperate man started firing an automatic rifle at me, who was almost there. The bullets from that automatic rifle blew my head off, along with my skull. Now I too could head towards eternal death.

This was fine, this was enough.

I had no way of knowing if the helicopter carrying the two people, who were barely alive, managed to escape safely.

In a room in the mall, a television that had lost its signal and had no image to show, sent out static along with a grating noise.

A mysterious arrhythmia-like noise occasionally mixed in with the static.

The Big Bang is said to be a remnant of the sound of a huge explosion that occurred when the ancient universe was born. Remnants of the sound of that big explosion wander through space, and the television is still picking it up.

The cause of this hell of screaming and yelling, where the dead rise, wander around like sleepwalkers, and eat human flesh, has been variously said to be that an artificial satellite heading for Venus was exposed to unknown radiation, which returned to Earth and emitted radiation, reviving the dead one after another, or that a mysterious comet approaching Earth emitted special cosmic rays through a big explosion, which revived the dead.

However, all of these science-crazed ideas of scientists are superficial. The sound of a big explosion that is picked up by television and wanders through space is actually not the first cry of the birth of the universe, but the big bang that occurs when the condensed dead spirits of the universe explode and scatter throughout the universe. Just as all the elements currently existing on Earth were poured

down from the universe, the Big Scream occurs when the dead spirits of the universe explode and scatter throughout the universe.

All the dead souls are also from space. They are also on the ground along with the cosmic rays emitted by comet explosions and the like.

The horizon beyond The Mall brightened completely, and sunlight began to pour down. Birds flew out of the trees, blending in with the now tiny helicopter.

And so, Dawn came to an end, and a new Day began.

Chapter 2, Death March



Sarah stared at the white wall for ages. Each block of the wall, built from piles of bricks, looked like a blank space on the calendar. It also symbolized her blank days. The battle on earth, which had become a world of death. Her blank days spent on that. There was no meaning to life, only meaning in surviving. The time when life had

meaning had long since passed. On the white wall was a calendar for October. All the boxes were marked with an X, leaving only one blank space at the end. She wasn't even sure if she would survive this final day.

She approached the white wall with the calendar hanging on it, as if to cherish the days that had passed, or rather, the days that she had survived. When she got close to the wall, black hands covered in the soil of the living dead suddenly jumped out of each of the blocks, breaking the white silence. They wriggled lewdly and obscenely, as if seeking Sarah's flesh. She jumped back involuntarily. Then Sarah came back to her senses.

The voice of radio operator McDermott, raised above the roar of the helicopter's turbine engine, brought her back to her senses in the cockpit.

"No response."

"Try again," she said, and looked down at the Florida skyline below.

Looking down at the view of the peninsula, they had been sending communications to the ground from the helicopter for about an hour now.

Their helicopter was flying in the sky like Noah's Ark escaping the flood. However, what was spreading over the ground was not a flood, but a "Death March" announcing the end of the world. The living dead, who had multiplied 400,000 times more than humans, were rampant on the ground and were still marching to death.

And with a faint hope that there might still be humans alive who had not yet been touched by death, they continued to communicate with the ground.

McDermott said to Sarah in a tired voice, "There's no response from Sarasota to the Everglades. There's no one there, at least not in front of the radio."

Sarah was silent. She was thinking about Miguel, who had been thinking alone with his head down for a while. He was extremely exhausted, both mentally and physically. He was suffering from insomnia, and was so anxious about when he would be able to escape this living hell. He hadn't had a proper night's sleep for over a week. Only Sarah knew.

She went to McDermott.

"Let's land. Use the handheld microphone."

"It's not in the contract to land," the timid McDermott said, and was extremely reluctant to land on the ground.

"This is the biggest town around here. We have to take every chance we can."

"You've got to be kidding me."

The bullish Sarah pointed her finger at the Jamaican pilot, John. "Land, John."

But he didn't want to land either. It showed in his brusque manner.

"Fine, but I'm not going to leave the helicopter. If anything happens, I'll take off. If you miss it, prepare yourself."



Helicopter 10-Alpha began circling in the sky, and eventually found a good spot to land, leaving only Sarah and Miguel with handheld microphones. John, the black man who stayed on the plane, and McDermott, the radio operator, waited there with the rotors spinning so they could take off at any time if there was any danger.

The main street of the town was deserted and desolate like a ghost town. There were a lot of taxis. The houses had been abandoned, leaving traces of theft, and the remains of large palm leaves here and there looked like dead bodies.

Miguel repeatedly shouted into the handheld microphone, asking if anyone was there, if anyone could hear him. His hollow voice echoed through the main street, which was particularly echoing now that it was deserted. A gust of wind rose in the corner of an alley, and a newspaper flew up in the wind and stuck to the foot of a man approaching with a thud. The man roared in response to Miguel's echoing voice. In the brilliant Florida sunlight, the huge man's bald, sparse golden hair shone. The man's face was hideously gouged out from under his eyes to around his upper jaw.

In front of the bank, stacks of bills were flying in the wind along with palm leaves. However, no one flocked to the things, which were now little more than scraps of paper. The same eerie thud of footsteps could be heard again, this time from inside the bank. Two giant living dead emerged from inside.

In front of the shaking restaurant, flies swarmed around a rotting, skeletal corpse, which sat there like Colonel Sanders at a fried chicken counter. Miguel's voice continued to ring out in vain. Hearing that voice, the same clumsy footsteps could be heard from all over the town. McDermott, who had remained in the helicopter, was still desperately trying to contact the helicopter by radio.

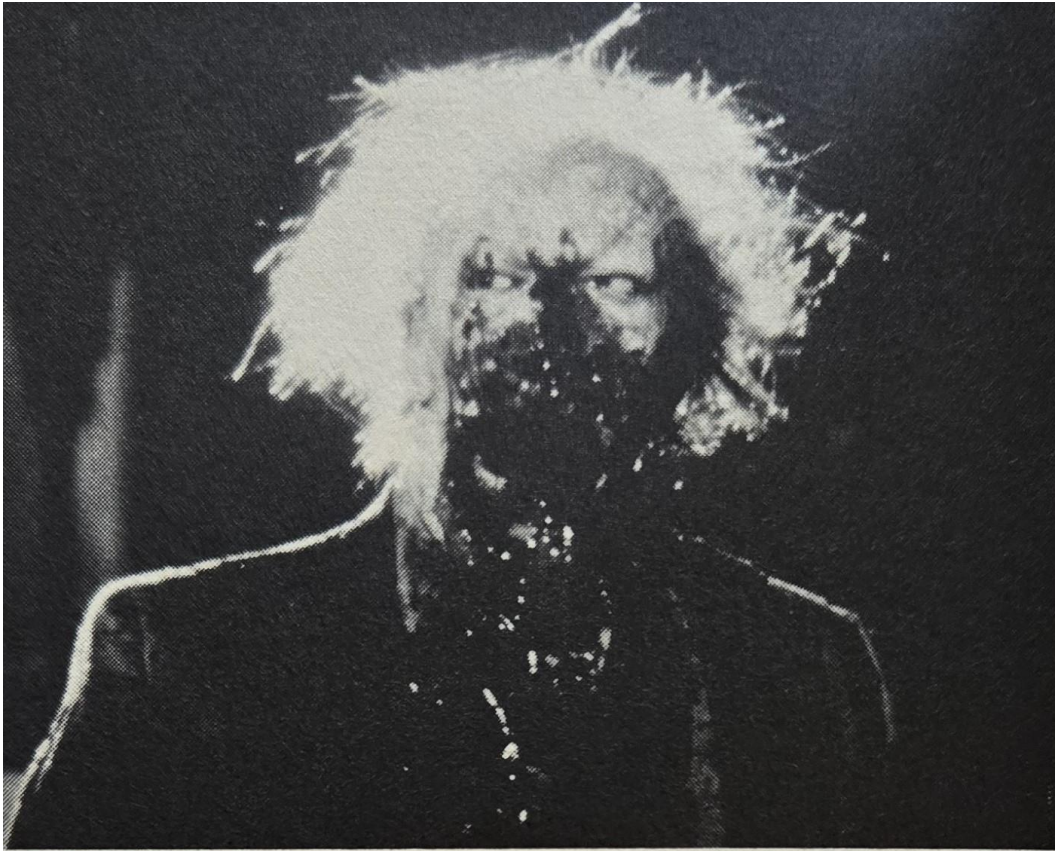
"We can get you to a safe place. If anyone can hear us, please respond."

The pilot, John, said soothingly, "Give up. This is a dead town, just like the others."

At that moment, John heard something that sounded like a scream that drowned out the engine noise, and said to McDermott.

"Oh my God! Hey, listen. I can hear something over the engine noise."

McDermott took off his radio headphones and muttered to himself, then took a drink of the whiskey he always carried with him to wake himself up. Hearing such an eerie scream, he couldn't stay sober. Sarah and Miguel, who were on the main street, saw it. Dozens, no, hundreds of zombies swarmed the main street, roaring in unison into the sky like seals.



Sarah suddenly remembered John's words, "If anything happens, we'll take off." Even without that, the two of them were already running from the wave-like march of the living dead. They ran away on their own to escape. Sarah and Miguel ran, ran, and ran. If they were left behind in a place like this, it would be terrible. Now the only place to escape to was the sky.



When Sarah and Miguel ran through the palm trees and reached a small clearing, the "140-Alpha" was still waiting for them. Its rotors were spinning at a high speed and it looked like it was about to take off. As soon as they got in, the helicopter took off from the ground, which had turned into a world of death. However, even if they

managed to escape into the sky for now, they would have to return to the ground when the helicopter ran out of fuel.

Dozens of miles away from the town, the "140-Alpha" landed on a military site, almost out of fuel. The "No. 1" was a huge site with not a single upright building, surrounded by a tall wire fence, and excited by the smell of living humans spread by the helicopter's wind pressure, a motley horde of zombies swarmed around it, ready to pull it down at any moment.

Would they be able to hold their ground with such a flimsy fence? Perhaps to help them forget such fears, the site had a special Florida theme park called "Florida Gold." The best quality marijuana was grown, bathed in the sunlight. Two soldiers who had just finished harvesting gathered around the edge of the helicopter when they had landed. One of the soldiers, eager to know what was going on outside, asked, "Hey, what's up?"

John said after getting out of the cockpit, "There's a ton of houses selling off their stuff because they're closing down. I need you to refuel the helicopter."

"No, wait until it gets dark. That's enough." Sarah tried to stop them as she put down her luggage.

"Are you going to leave the tanks empty? What if we have to take off in an emergency?" John snapped.

"We'll do that when the time comes. They're so excited. We'll refuel tonight, when we're out of sight."

"Even if we're out of sight, they'll know we're here. If we leave the tanks empty..."

"Do you want to provoke them? There are so many of them."

When Sarah tried to carry Miguel's luggage, Miguel finally opened his mouth and one of the soldiers spat out, "The group's getting bigger and bigger every day."

"If it gets bigger, we'll go outside and shoot them. Otherwise, you'll stay inside."

The man was frightened by Sarah's toughness. But what did she mean by "inside?" There were no decent buildings here. There was only a fuel facility, a hut that looked like a guard post, and some overgrown weeds.

Radio engineer McDermott said to the soldier from before, "You should be grateful that this is the suburbs. The town is booming."

Miguel was still sitting in the cockpit and didn't want to come out. He was deep in thought and his cheeks were sunken. Sarah called out to him.

"Miguel, come on, let's go inside. Don't worry."

"Don't worry? We don't need anybody's help," he said, got out of the cockpit and started walking. Sarah walked with him.

"You're exhausted."

"Me? Not just me. Everyone is exhausted. Except you. You're strong. So what? You're stronger than me. Stronger than everyone. What does that matter? What the hell!" Sarah, who was left alone there, found a new grave. The soldier said Major Cooper had died this morning. Another casualty had been claimed while they were searching by helicopter. John, the pilot, came over and Sarah started walking with him. He started talking to her.

"That makes twelve."

"They got wind of the burial and came in droves."

"What about tomorrow, Sarah? And the next day? And the next? They'll be hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands. You stick your head in the sand and they'll bite you in the ass. This life is crazy. Don't even bother!"

"I'd love to hear any other ideas."

"Yes, there's a better idea. We could get on that helicopter, find an island, and live under the bright sun. How about that?"

"Can we live like that in a world like this?"

"I'd like to try it, no matter what kind of world it is." She knew he wanted to run away, but Sarah never doubted that only by fighting and finding a way out could there be a tomorrow.

Soon, the two of them and the other members stood on the iron plate in the middle of the grounds. After a while, the iron plate began to sink into the ground with a roaring sound. It was a huge elevator that could fit two large trucks inside.

This was not just a military base. In the second half of the 20th century, it was used as a missile silo, and in the first half of the 21st century, it was converted into an underground storage facility like this. This base was called the "Seminole Underground Warehouse" and was a huge underground storage facility where all kinds of records were stored, including important documents from large companies and the nation, newspaper microfilms, and countless movies.

However, in the second half of the 21st century, it was slightly modified for a certain scientific purpose. To achieve this purpose, the military placed scientists in this shelter. They were guarding the area. However, the group of soldiers holed up there were frustrated by the slow progress of the scientists' research. This was because the military was losing soldiers to the research. The sky was not the only way to escape the hordes of terrifying zombies. They could also go underground like worms.

However, unlike the sky, once they escaped underground, there was nowhere to run. If, by any chance, they got on this sturdy elevator that also served as an entrance and went down to the underground, they would have no choice but to stand there in fear of the approaching death. In fact, outside the fence on the ground, a countless number of living corpses were waiting for that moment.

Chapter 3, The Underground Ranch



A soldier teased the four of them as they went underground on the elevator.

"Another waste of time..."

"You don't know what you're talking about," the pilot, John, said jokingly, but he was boiling with anger.

Even a low-ranking soldier like this would mock him. When they came

out into the vast underground passageway that was like an ant's nest, they were greeted by two vulgar soldiers, Steel and Rickles, who were riding in a cart. The two were on their way to work as herdsman.

"What did you get?" Steel, the boss of the group, said with a grin, holding a stubborn cigar in his mouth.

"Nothing," McDermott answered.

"How far have you gone?"

This time, Sarah answered.

"100 miles on each side."

That was it.

"Come on, hop in. Let's go get two more," the little mouse-like Rickles said to the exhausted Miguel. Miguel was also a soldier.

"What is the doctor thinking?" Sarah retorted. "He's not sleeping. Can't we get someone else?"

"Someone else?" Steel said mercilessly. "We're the only ones here."

"But it's too dangerous for you two to go... Okay, I'll go," Sarah offered to go instead of Miguel.

"Did something happen to your friend?" Steel was ruthlessly pointing out that she and Miguel were dating.

Miguel added hastily, "No problem, I'll go too."

So, Sarah and Miguel decided to go with them to the ranch, while the pilot John and the radio operator McDermott quickly retreated to their rooms. Of course, they were civilians and had no obligation to go. But circumstances were what they were. Sarah sat backwards in the back of the cart with Miguel and gave them a reproachful look as they retreated.

"Come on, let's have some fun," Steel shouted as soon as they arrived at the underground ranch. The deepest part of this underground storage facility was a network of tunnels that branched off like abandoned mines. The bare earth of the cuts, not even lined with cleat, spread out like a maze.

In front of them was a sturdy wooden fence for trapping animals. Before she could begin, Sarah looked at the front of the clipboard and was shocked. She attacked the rat-like Rickles, who was best suited to being underground.

"Oh my God, we only caught 15 last time! That can't be true."

"I keep forgetting to put them on the list."

"This is so important. I have to put them on the list. What the hell are you doing? I'll lose track of the rest!" The group looked at the dark corridor through the gaps between the wooden fences. Steel continued to shout. Standing on the scaffolding at the top of the wooden fence, Steel shouted toward the tunnel.

"Come out, you slumbering beasts!" In the dark tunnel, there was not even a cow, let alone a wild animal. "We're here to pick you up. Come on, you bastards."

Then, one by one, the horrible zombies came from the branching corridors, gathering in the center of the tunnel with their usual clumsy steps, and this time they came toward the wooden fence, letting out extremely unpleasant moans that could even awaken the dead. This was no ordinary ranch. Of course, they were keeping the living dead, who could take their lives, right in their own resting place. They were called herdsmen, but they were herdsmen of the dead.

"What are you mumbling about? Come on!" Steel continued barking from his safe platform.

"They're scared. They're scared of what Frankenstein might do to them," Rickles muttered to himself.

Sarah said next to him.

"If that's the case, then they understand. They're starting to understand."

Not caring about that, Steel on top was provoking them with dirty words. He didn't know that dirty words were not necessary to arouse them, just letting them smell the body odor of a living human was enough.

"Come on, I'll show you something good. Look, there's something good hanging here. I'll give it to you, take a bite." Steel pretended to thrust his penis forward. "Mine is extra-large. But ladies can't drool in front of their boyfriends."

Steel looked at Sarah and Miguel with a grin, sarcastically. Sarah was probably glaring at Steel from below and said, "I have no interest in you except for anthropology."

"What are you talking about?" Steel couldn't keep up with even the slightest high-level jokes. The rat Rickles sent out a rescue boat.

"She means caveman, stupid. Primitive. You've been underground too long. But don't worry about it, Steel. Primitives have big things." Then the two of them laughed nastily. Steel shouted again towards the cave.



"Come on, you slobs. I'm still waiting for you." The strongest of the slobs was already at Steel's feet. Steel thrust a long stick, like one used to drive a raging bull, towards the zombie. Then, using the tip of the stick to stimulate the zombie, he drove it into the wooden fence as if it were a raging bull. The zombie became excited when he was poked

with the stick and started to struggle.

Steel opened a door that was part of the fence and first locked one of them inside the wooden fence. If he didn't do it quickly, a zombie would grab the stick from behind and knock him over the other side. A dingy-colored zombie with sunken eyes was spitting green mucus from its mouth and trying to grab Steel's leg from inside the wooden fence. However, it was just a little too close.

Then the humans who had been waiting inside wrapped a pole with a leather loop on the end around the zombie's neck and carried him inside. That's when it happened. Miguel, exhausted, volunteered to do the job, ignoring Sarah's refusal to do so. It all happened at once.

Miguel put a ring around the neck of the first zombie and pulled it inside. He tried his best to hold the raging zombie down so that it would not cause any damage to any part of his body. If he was even slightly hurt, death would be contagious.

Steel put another zombie into the wooden fence. At that moment, Miguel accidentally let go of the ringed pole that was holding the first zombie down. It was not intentional, but he was so exhausted that he lost all strength in his hands. The zombie approached Rickles and was about to attack him to devour his flesh.

"Steel, help me!"

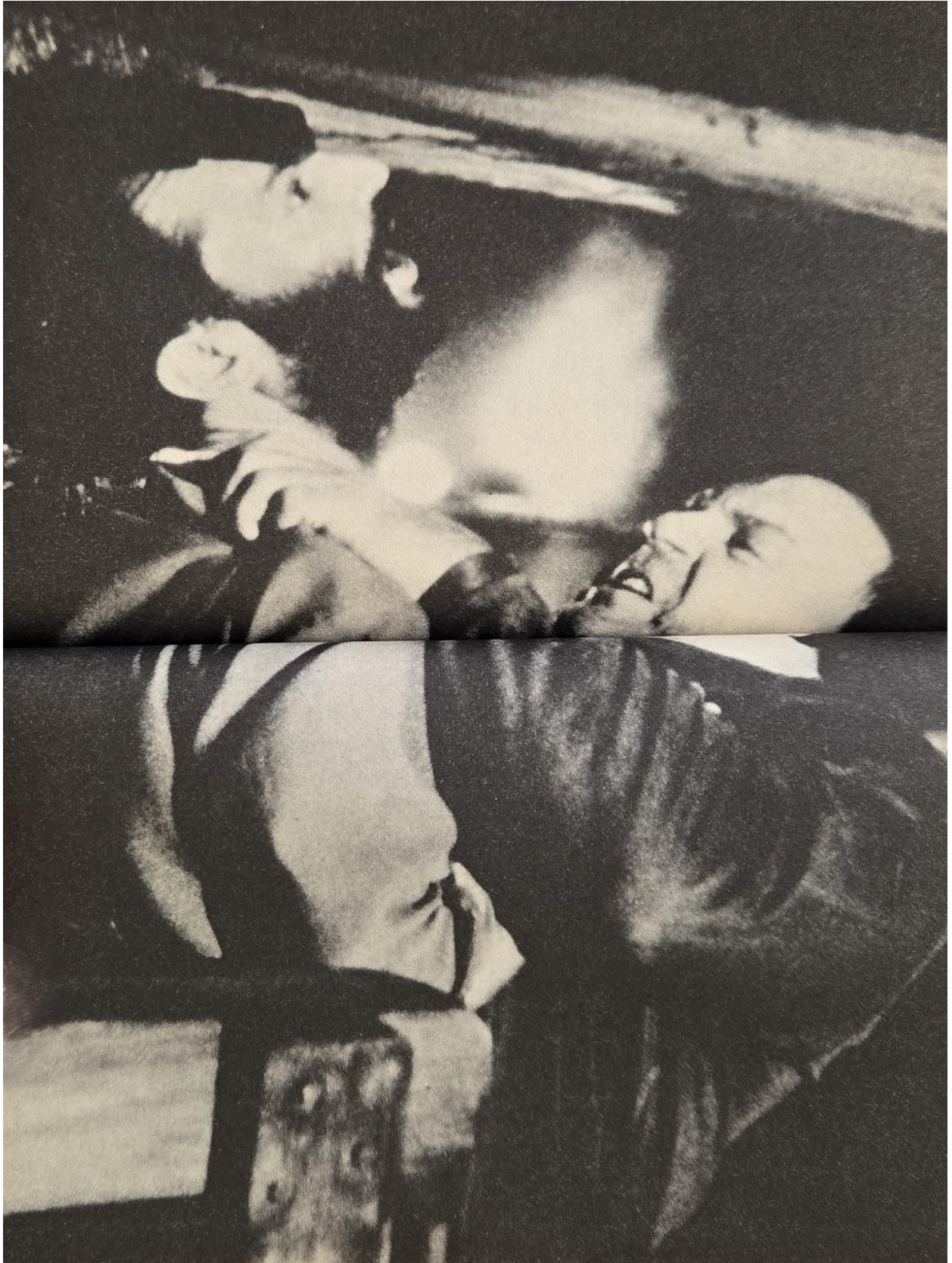
Steel used his superhuman strength to lift Miguel, who was standing on the inside of the fence in a daze, to the top of the fence and brought Miguel's neck closer to the fence where the second zombie was struggling half-crazed.

Hearing Rickles' pitiful voice, Steel immediately tried to blow off the zombie's head with the pistol he had on his waist. However, Sarah quickly grabbed the fence and held it closed, so nothing bad happened. It was Steel who was angry.

"Rickles was about to die." He was serious. But what stopped Steel's hand was the barrel of the rifle that Sarah pointed at him. He said, "You're kidding me."

Below, zombies were jumping around the fence, wanting Miguel's severed head. The necklace with the coin charm around Miguel's neck was swaying against the zombie's fingers. It looked like they were about to reach him. Steel brought Miguel closer and closer. "You Spanish bastard!"

"Let go. He was too weak for that job. I'm going to shoot you, seriously!"



Steel loosened his grip at her serious look, but he was still angry and threw Miguel into a pile of gasoline cans nearby. Even though they were close, they were still two or three meters away. Miguel hit the empty drum directly, but he still survived.

Steel and Rickles, disgusted by this, left the two there and carried the two zombies to the laboratory's experiment room. Then, while skillfully manipulating the fence to avoid being bitten, they tied the zombies to metal fittings on the wall with strong chains and pulled them up. Not knowing what the two were going to be used for, only that they were going to be used for an experiment, the two followed orders.

Chapter 4, Doctor Frankenstein

In the spacious war room, a young scientist named Ted was arguing with the military commander, Captain Rhodes. Steel and Rickles were nearby listening to the conversation.

"We need a clean room. Half of our research will be ruined by contamination," Ted said.

"Just do it the way you are."

"It's impossible. We can't go on..."

Rhodes didn't even try to listen to what the green-assed scientist had to say.

"I know. You guys kill too many of your friends." Rhodes was fed up with the scientists killing zombies for experiments, and the soldiers dying every time. Any further expansion of the facilities was outrageous.

"Listen, your predecessor, Major Cooper, promised me..."

"The Major is dead. I'm the commander now. Listen, research with what you have. And show us the results quickly. We can't wait forever."

"There's no way we can get research results in this condition." At that moment, the door to the gym-like conference room opened in the distance, and Sarah came in. She crossed the conference room briskly and stood up in front of the group of people sitting at the table.

"We're in a desperate situation right now. We have to work together. We need each other."

Captain Rhodes interrupted her.

"You need us. We don't need you."

"That's good, hehehe." Steel interrupted.

Rhodes said with veins bulging in his temples. "I wonder what you guys are doing over there. I wonder what my guys are working their asses off for."

Sarah didn't back down a single step.

"If we help each other, the danger will be much less. Miguel is out of his mind."

"That bastard?" Steel and Rickles started laughing. Sarah didn't care.

"He should be taken off duty until he recovers." Rhodes was at a loss.

"He's mentally exhausted."

"That yellow Spanish bastard?" Steel interrupted again, and the two of them, along with Rickles, burst out in vulgar laughter. Sarah continued, undeterred.

"His mental state is at its limit. He needs to rest." But Rhodes, the commander, was not one to listen to such weak talk. What's more, the commander himself was the one who said this.

"Maybe you're partying too much with your partner."

The relationship between Sarah and Miguel was well known. There was some jealousy, after all, since she was the only woman in this manly shelter. However, it seemed that the two were starting to drift apart. The only people who knew about that were the two of them.

"We're talking about human lives. It puts everyone at risk."

"Well, let's isolate him. What do you think, Steel?" Rhodes glanced at Steel. Steel was getting all excited about it.

"I'll build a cage for him. This is going to be a long winter." Steel laughed lustily along with Rickles. Realizing that there was nothing more to say, Sarah turned to her scientist partner.

"Ted, let's go." With that, the two of them got up and started walking. Commander Rhodes emphasized as he turned to face the two of them.

"There's a meeting tonight at seven o'clock. Everyone, everyone, including the doctor and your man." Sarah left without looking back.

"He's drugged and asleep."

"Look, we're short-staffed. Don't put him to sleep without my permission."

"Yes, sir."

He was not so grotesque that he was called Frankenstein, that nickname was not because of his appearance, but because of what he did. He was not performing

such a lukewarm experiment as vivisection, but dissecting rotting corpses that even the real Dr. Frankenstein would frown upon.

When Sarah entered Dr. Logan's laboratory, she found several operating tables in the dark cavernous room, a corpse on the operating table in the center, and the doctor was recording his report on a tape recorder amid a row of equipment.

"Undead humans have lost their cognitive functions. This is clearly the result of decay in the frontal and occipital lobes. However, the decay process can be delayed by regeneration. These individuals have a life expectancy of a few years. However, regeneration treatment can extend their lifespan by 10 years..."

As Sarah tried to cross the dimly lit laboratory, trying to hold back the pungent stench, something jumped out from behind. She turned around at the sound of a whoosh and saw that it was a zombie as tall as a professional wrestler. She wasn't attacked, but leaving a zombie in a place like this... The zombie, chained by the neck, reached out longingly toward her and cried out again.

When Sarah went to the operating table where the doctor was, the doctor continued speaking without greeting. "It's their brain that makes them move. They have no blood or internal organs. This is an example."



The doctor stood in front of a corpse placed on the operating table in the center. It was a zombie with its poisonous-colored rotting organs and the white bones of its ribs exposed. Just like tying a living human to an operating table, the zombie's neck and limbs were tied with thick leather.

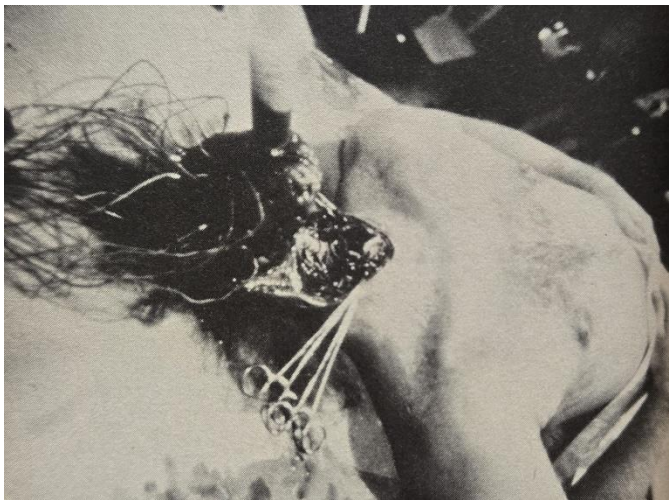
"It's alive only with its brain and limbs. Look," the doctor said, holding his blood-stained hand in front of the zombie, and the zombie twitched to grab the doctor's hand. "It wants me. Food. It has no stomach. They can't digest it, yet they want food."

The zombie's internal organs, held between the forceps, were rotting reddish purple and still emitting a terrible stench.

"It's instinct, a primal instinct that lurks deep inside. What would happen if it didn't eat?"

Sarah didn't understand what the doctor was trying to say. Of course, she understood the meaning of the terms. But she didn't understand what the doctor was trying to explain by them, or what he was trying to expand on with this experiment, even though she was a scientist. The doctor was so desperate that he stood in front of the blackboard nearby and, pointing at the board with the many diagrams of the brain on it, he gave her a passionate speech.

"Decomposition starts from the frontal lobe and neocortex, and spreads to the midbrain. But the center of the brain is the last to decay. That's the 'R' complex. It's the brain center since prehistoric reptiles. Look, there's the 'R' complex," the doctor said, urging her to another operating table and removing the white cloth that was covering it. Under the cloth was a corpse with most of its skull removed, leaving the exposed brain just barely resting on the head in a squiggly manner, a gruesome sight.



"It's harmless, I tried removing most of this one's brain," the doctor said proudly. Indeed, the corpse was docile. It did not move at all.

However, when the doctor ran a temporary "R" complex created by an electric current through the wires he had strung around the brain, the zombie raised its left hand, then its right hand, alternately, beautifully, or rather

absurdly. Just like a vampire craving living blood. The doctor continued to talk about this modified corpse, not a modified human.

"Even if it has five senses, it is already obedient. Its instincts have been erased. It has motor functions and the ability to think. We can tame it. We can make it act the way we want it to. It's a major operation that only a handful of people can perform."

The doctor was convinced that by modifying zombies, by performing major surgery on them, he could tame them. He believed he could create living dead that were as obedient as sheep. Sarah didn't applaud, but laughed at the crazy, unrealistic idea.

"You should do more practical research."

"This is what we need. I'm not going to stop this research. This is the root of everything."

"You came up with another theory before, and you didn't solve that one either, and now you're coming up with another one. You're wasting your time on definitions. You're just cutting up specimens and doing useless things. It's very dangerous to collect them." At that moment, Sarah noticed something strange. A mangled, crumbled corpse-like thing was lying in the darkness.

"What is this?"

"I couldn't handle it so I destroyed it. But it was useful."

Were there really corpses like this lying around everywhere? Sarah was terrified. "Doctor, the military won't cooperate anymore. Once the current specimens are gone, it's all over. The research will be stopped."

The risk of capturing zombies above ground, releasing them into the underground ranch, and slowly turning them into specimens was all for this twisted experiment. However, despite Sarah's protests, the doctor replied nonchalantly.

"I'll show you the results of my research. I can tame these things without surgery. If we know what they are, we'll know how to get close to them. We can tame them. Continue our research."

Then Sarah saw something strange again. A military uniform had fallen at her feet. However, it wasn't just any military uniform. It belonged to an officer. It was impossible to get an officer's uniform so easily. So... Anticipating Sarah's frightening thoughts, the doctor...

"He's more useful dead than alive," the doctor said as he covered the exposed corpse with a white cloth. "Yes, this was Major Cooper. We needed him, Sarah."



Sarah's premonition was right. The doctor was dissecting the corpse of a fresh major who had just died that morning. The man whose skull had been removed, who had been electrocuted, and who had been moving his hands was their former commander, Major Cooper. Now, after his death, the former commander was being commanded by the doctor.

The doctor looked at her again with his charming eyes from behind his reading glasses. What abhorrent, terrible thoughts must be pulsating behind those charming eyes? Sarah pressed closer.

"So, what about that grave?"

"I buried a specimen there."

"What do you think would happen if they found out? All of us..." Sarah started to say "would be killed," but then shuddered. The doctor was at a loss for words.

At that moment, something horrible happened. The zombie on the operating table in the center tried to stand up, and easily tore off the strong leather straps binding its hands. Then, when it raised its body to attack Sarah, its exposed organs spilled out, and the rotten organs that had once been its liver, spleen, and pancreas fell to the floor along with rotten blood. Still, the monster tried to walk toward her. Sarah felt like she was going to vomit, not so much from fear, but from the creepiness of it. It was as if fear had stuck its finger in the back of her throat.

However, the doctor did not hesitate a moment and placed an electrode that delivered a strong electric current like an electric iron on the zombie's forehead, the so-called eyebrow root. The zombie lost consciousness in an instant.

Lobotomy surgery, which removes the frontal lobe, is also effective on the living dead.

Chapter 5, Execution Meeting

At seven o'clock in the evening, a meeting was held in the war room. However, it was night, but in this underground base, it was not possible to distinguish between night and day. From the civilian side, the scientists Sarah and Ted, except for Dr. Logan, the helicopter pilot John, and the radio operator McDermott were present, and from the military side, Captain Rhodes, his subordinate Steel, and Rickles were all present.

The meeting started with a somewhat suspicious atmosphere.

"It's no good. There's no response at all on shortwave or mediumwave." Radio operator McDermott started off.

"There must be a group like us somewhere," said the rat Rickles with a noble tone. "Are we the only ones left...?"

McDermott continued, "The signal isn't strong enough. I'm using an old radio."

"Fix it. And stop drinking for a while. Call someone. Now." Steel criticized McDermott, who was sipping from a portable bottle during the meeting.

McDermott, who had been hit in a sensitive spot, spoke more forcefully. "If I stay here, I'll run out of alcohol eventually. I'll drink as much as I want until then. And I'll fix the rusty radio to the best of my ability."

"You better do your best, you idiot!"

"Who wants to be locked up in a place like this? I'm doing my best to get away from your filthy face. I'm just... I'm just..." McDermott spoke in a faint voice.

"Either we're the only ones still alive, or there's no one else within range of our old radio signals."

One of the soldiers who had been smoking marijuana said, "We used to be in contact with Washington all the time. They could hear us."

"That's a relay, not a direct call. The electricity is out all over the country. You can't even go shopping at the shopping center."

"Stop making stupid jokes. If you keep messing around, I'll stick a liquor bottle up your ass," Steel said angrily at McDermott.

At that moment, Sarah stood up and said, "I've had enough of these little fights. I'm going."

And she got up from her seat.

"Not yet, stay seated." It was Captain Rhodes who said that. "This is a terrible report. It's just a bunch of equations and formulas and all that fancy stuff. Is there anything else? This week's reports are done. Can't you report anything useful? Are you all just jerking off?"

Then, taking advantage of the situation, Rickles the rat made a vulgar joke. "She doesn't have to jerk off. She's got a big dick. A Spanish dick." Even though the relationship between them was cold now, Sarah got angry and got up and started walking out of the room.

"It's not over yet. Sit down!" Rhodes said. Sarah kept walking. "Sit down or I'll shoot you!"

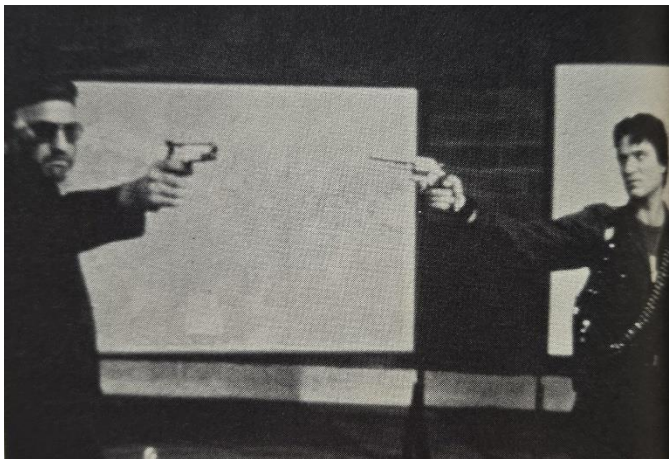
Sarah turned around and glared at him.

Rhodes continued, "I said I'd shoot you."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, that's right, doc. I said I'd shoot you or you'd get back in your seat."

Ted the scientist continued to press Rhodes, "What right do you have to do that? Since when have we been under military control?"



"Since I became commander here. Steel, shoot the woman," Rhodes ordered his subordinate Steel.

Steel pretended to shoot a pistol with his finger and said to Sarah, "Bang! You're dead."

Steel and Rickles laughed out loud. But Captain Rhodes was serious. He stood up and pointed his drawn

pistol at Steel, "If you don't shoot her, I'll shoot you!"

Steel's face, which had been grinning, turned pale.

"You think I'm kidding? I'm serious. I'll give you five. You've already lost two." Rhodes had already counted 3...4...

"Sit down, Sarah." The pilot, John, couldn't bear to watch.

"What are you talking about?" Sarah said.

"Shut up and sit down, Sarah." John tried his best to calm her down.

"Okay," Rhodes again confirmed. Then, with a gleam in his eyes, he cocked the pistol he was aiming at Steel. Just as Steel was about to reluctantly pull out the gun, Sarah returned to her seat, slammed her folding chair on the floor in anger, and sat down. Rhodes put away the gun and glared at the group.

"I hope no one can argue with me. This isn't a fun field trip, it's war. I'm here for a goddamn mission."

Ted the scientist continued, not giving in. "Your mission is to help us scientists. We are citizens. We will not submit to your tyranny."

"Who will not submit to what? You lost one of your friends, and we lost five. Why should we have to protect those monsters? We can just shoot and kill every single one of them."

At that moment, the door at the back of the conference room opened, and Dr. Frankenstein, aka Dr. Logan, entered, his loud voice echoing throughout the conference room.

"We don't have enough bullets to shoot them all, Captain. They keep coming. They're overflowing. There are so many of them. We can't win. I calculate it's 400,000 to 1." The doctor came near the table and sat down immediately. "Do you have any food?"

Captain Rhodes was annoyed by his arrogant attitude. "I told you to meet at seven."

"I couldn't break away. Do you have any food?"

No matter how insensitive scientists could be, no one could beat the doctor. He was probably still doing that dissection. His bloody white coat told the story. And

before the terrible afterimage had left his mind, he was showing his appetite more than anyone else.

"Okay, I'll tell you..."

The doctor interrupted Rhodes and said, "Sorry, but where's the food?"



Rhodes 's patience was running out. "I'm the commander here. Tell me what you've been doing up until now. If you haven't done anything, then I'll rip your precious specimens to shreds and say goodbye to you. I'll let you and your specimens rot in this sewer. Is that food enough for you?"

The doctor said nonchalantly, "Where are you going? Even if you kill my specimens, there are still plenty of them outside. Can you kill them all? You can't win against the numbers. You're losing. To win..."

"What is it, Dr. Frankenstein?" Steel interrupted him this time.

The doctor paused for a moment and then said, "Tame them..."

"You're crazy. I'm not being paid to work with these things." When Steel said this carelessly, a murmur arose among the soldiers. Even his subordinate Rickles started making a fuss.

"I'm not making any money!"

"That's enough, shut up! Shut up!" When Rhodes said that, the soldiers went quiet like the tide going out. "What exactly are you trying to say, Dr. Frankenstein?"

"I'll show you right away. I showed it to Sarah... it's progress, right?"

We don't want them to think of us as food. We control them as we want to."

When the doctor told Sarah, she didn't want to support the military, so she said, "Yes, we're making progress."

Rhodes was annoyed. "What progress? What do you mean, 'tame'? Stop talking and show me."

The doctor spoke with a smug look on his face, "Soon."

"How many years will it take to get an answer?"

"It won't happen overnight. Maybe it'll never happen. We have limited chemicals. Our equipment is terrible."

"McDermott said the radio was useless. Now you're complaining! We're running out of ammunition. We're running out of men."

"We were in too much of a hurry. We tried to put this operation together in a few days."

"I'll settle this in an instant. Listen, I'm serious, and this is the end of the world."

Then, Sarah interrupted the conversation between the doctor and Rhodes. Rhodes's eyes seemed to be looking into the distance.

"Stop it!"

"Okay, I'll give you guys a little more time. Just a little. I won't tell you how much. But you have to show me the results. It's better for you not to anger me."

The doctor asked Rhodes, the captain. "Again, where are you going? You have no choice. Just wait a few weeks like we did."

"Until the research is finished. There should be survivors in Washington. In a better-equipped shelter." When Sarah said that, one of the soldiers muttered.

"People who know us can't get in touch with us and are looking for us," Captain Rhodes cried impatiently. "Listen, don't hide anything from me. Anyone who disobeys my orders will be court-martialed and executed."

Rhodes glared not only at the civilians, but also at Steel and the other soldiers. "I'm serious, remember that."

After what had happened earlier, Rhodes's words were persuasive. The two ammunition belts hanging from his shoulders like a guerrilla warrior, the golden bullets in them shining like the gold teeth in the mouth of a devil.

Chapter 6, The People Who Blew a Hole in the Sky

After the meeting, Sarah left the operation room and walked down the hallway with the pilot, John, and talked to him.

"He probably wouldn't have fired."

"Yeah, he probably wouldn't have fired." John, who always listened to the instruments, said something mechanical and cold, but it was always the truth. Sarah didn't like him because he told the truth. "He probably wouldn't have fired. He probably would have had Steel fire."

However, in his profession, where he had to make decisions in an instant, that was the way to live. No, it wasn't just in his case. To escape from this living hell, being cold was the wisdom of survival, and he needed the generosity to feel warmth in coldness.

"He's human too."

"Yes, they're human. That's why they're scary," John said in a halting Jamaican accent, "Billy won't get shot. He's the only one who knows about radios."

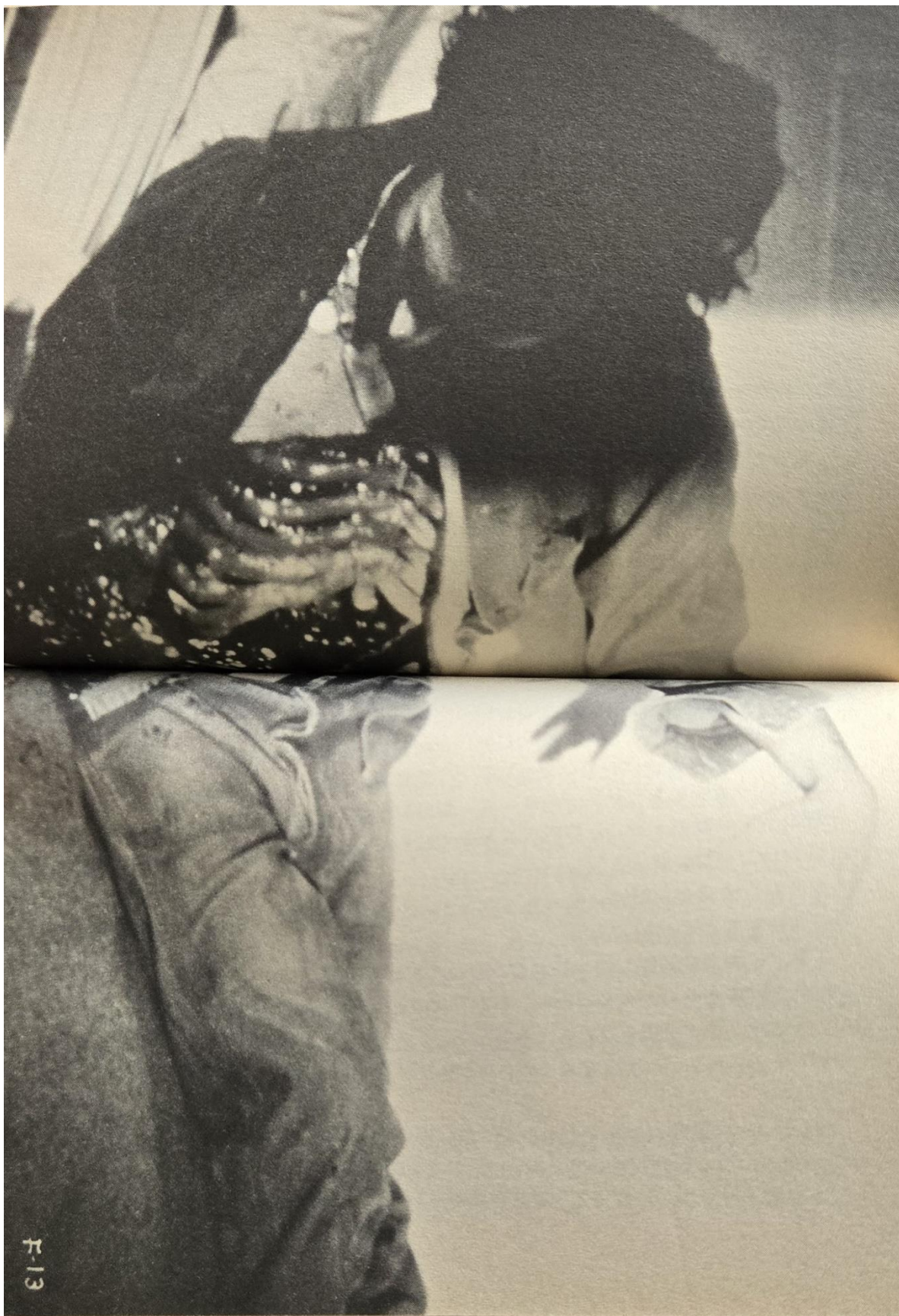
He called McDermott, who shared his room with John, Billy. He continued. "I'm a helicopter pilot, and Frankenstein is quite eloquent. But the rest of you should be careful."

"If we all cooperated, I'm sure we'd be more relaxed. Everyone's just trying to get people on their side."

John's next words had a hint of religion.

"That's the problem with the world, Sarah. Everyone has different things they want out of life." And he walked down the hallway without saying goodbye.

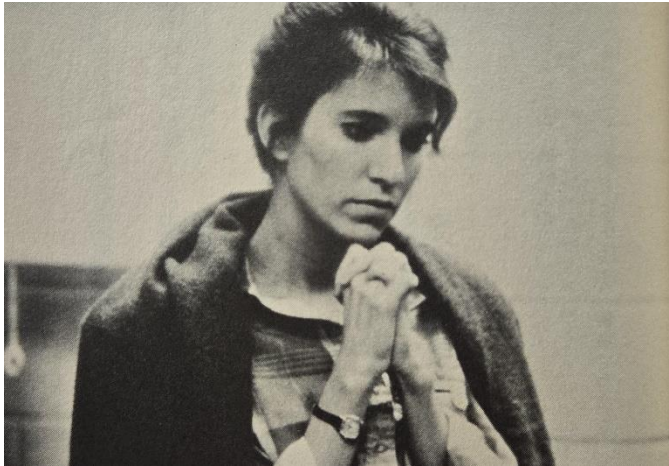
Sarah returned to her room by herself after a while. She leaned against the wall, pulled the blanket over herself, and fell asleep. The reason she slept in such a place was because Miguel was sleeping in her bed. After a long time of falling asleep, Miguel turned over in his sleep and faced her.



In the dimly lit room, the next thing she saw was the rotting stomach of the man who had turned over in his sleep. Miguel's insides, which had spilled out onto the floor, had rotted away, his organs gone, and his bones were visible. But strangely, there was no foul odor. Why couldn't he smell anything? Had Miguel turned into a zombie? *I don't know. I don't know...*

And then, Sarah woke up, leaning against the wall. It was a dream. Where's Miguel?... She looked over and saw that he was lying in bed with his eyes open, looking at the ceiling. Then, without looking at Sarah, he said, "You're scared too, aren't you? Just like me. If you take a sedative, you'll sleep well. Hmph, you're just bluffing too. You're a boring woman..."

Sara's patience had reached its limit.



"Okay. Get out, just get out of this room!" Miguel threw off the blanket, grabbed his bag and his gun, and left without a word. Sarah sighed deeply as she heard the door slam shut. Feeling annoyed, she went to the water cooler in the hallway to get a drink of water.

What she saw outside was a fight between soldiers. It seems they were arguing over the issue of whether or not they were being paid, which had come up in the meeting. Sarah was almost caught up in the fight, but it was McDermott, the radio operator, who saved her. He evacuated her to another place and offered her his usual drink. "No, thanks."

When Sarah refused, McDermott offered her more.

"Brandy. It's good for your heart."

"It's bad for your liver."

They both burst out laughing. It had been a long time since Sarah had smiled. Well, it was the same for McDermott. How many smiles had disappeared from

people's faces since they had come to this underground base? Even before and after their lovemaking with Miguel, they hadn't smiled.

McDermott, who got along well with her, invited them to his room where he shared with the pilot, John, for a drink. The cabin where the pair lived was quite far from the accommodation, and was famous for its luxury. A handmade sign reading "The Ritz" was hanging on the wall. Standing in front of the cabin, McDermott held his hands out in front of him like a bellboy and said respectfully, "Welcome to the Ritz, Madame."

Sarah couldn't believe her eyes when she entered. The interior of this hotel, which was made from a collection of items found somewhere, looked quite good, even if it wasn't quite the Ritz Hotel, and she felt relieved above all else.

All the junk there looked real, like the little play houses she made in caves and on trees when she was a child. A beach umbrella in front of a building sign depicting a beach on a southern island, a flower-patterned blanket in front of a heater, a sofa, and a large rattan chair that looked like it would be used by Madame Emmanuelle to sit on...

"It's nice..."

As soon as Sarah entered the room, the pilot, John, who was sitting in the wicker chair, said, "Hello, miss. Welcome to civilization. This is the last stronghold."

Feeling at peace for the first time in a while, Sarah went down the small stairs in front of the door.

"It's much nicer than where we are..."

When Sarah sat down on the sofa in front of John, he said, "It's a little dangerous here, but we like danger."

This place was far away from the residential area where the soldiers and scientists lived. In other words, it was right next to the underground ranch. In exchange for freedom, there was a lot of danger. Sarah thought it might be much better than the inorganic room full of concrete where she slept.

"It's funny. You don't even try to face the danger..."

"You just wait... they're the danger. You've learned that today," John said as he put the scrapbook on his lap.

"You're a strange person. Very strange..... You're not like the others. You..." Sarah stopped there.

"What is it?"

"It's nothing."

John became even more curious when she heard that. "Let's talk."

McDermott, who had been preparing the drinks and listening to the conversation, handed Sarah and John glasses of brandy and sat back on the sofa to listen.

"I came here to drink. I don't have the energy."

"Keeping quiet is much harder than speaking honestly. Come on, tell me."

"You're here to work..." When Sarah started to say that, John went ahead. He had a rough idea of what she was trying to say. That's why he was on the defensive.

"My job is to fly helicopters. I do it seriously."

"We live under the same roof, eat from the same pot, but you're not going to lift a finger to help us. Neither of you."

"There are records of defense budgets and movies I like. There are microfilms of tax returns and newspaper articles, immigration records and censuses, wars, catastrophes, volcanic eruptions, fires, floods, and all sorts of terrible disasters in the good United States. But so what? Mountains of documents and records... Who cares? Who's going to read them? This is a 20-kilometer stretch of gigantic gravestones. What are you helping with? This depot holds the books and records of 500 major corporations. There is an inscription written on it that no one will ever read..."

McDermott looked around the cabin in the underground base as he drank his brandy. *If this is a tombstone, why am I here?*

John continued. "And then you come and bring me charts and records. What are you going to do? Are you going to bury it with the other records? Look, I'll tell you. You don't have the answer. Just like no one knows why the stars are there, this is

not for humans to answer. What you're doing is a waste of time. A waste of what little time there is left."

Sarah took a sip of brandy and said, "This is all we have."

"Don't be ridiculous! There's so much to do. We're going to start a new world together, you and me. We're going to have children and teach them, and never come here and dig up stupid records again."

Sarah was stunned. It wasn't because John suddenly said he wanted to have a child of his own. It wasn't because she had some anachronistic idea that she didn't want to have a child because he was black. She was stunned to realize that out of all the people left in this underground base, in fact, in this group of people that might be the last of the human race, she was the only woman who could give birth to a child, no, a *human being* who could give birth to a child.

What she did with Miguel was just an act to escape from fear. Honestly, she had never seen sex as an act to give birth to a child in her life.

"Do you want an excuse to leave here? Here's the one," John said, ignoring Sarah's thoughts. "We were punished by God. God brought a curse. To show us hell. He was angry that we made a hole in the sky with missiles and rockets. He was trying to show us his power. Maybe we were too arrogant, thinking we knew everything..."

John was staring at a point in the sky. To Sarah, John's meaningful words were bitter, contrary to the mellow taste of the brandy in the glass she was drinking, and they hit her heart hard.

Chapter 7, Textbook of the Dead

If Dr. Logan's research was aimed at taming zombies, Sarah's research was focused on how to effectively cure them scientifically.

Her research revolved around the pharmacology of the brain, and therefore did not require dissections. That was the fundamental difference between her research and that of the doctor. However, her research, which aimed to eradicate problems, required an enormous amount of time, depending on how you look at it. That's why John's words hit her right in the heart.

Am I just wasting my time?

That problem, along with the throbbing headaches, was bothering her in the lab. When Sarah went out to the hallway to get some headache medicine from the water cooler, she saw Ted struggling through the open door in Dr. Logan's lab. She went in and saw Ted feeding the zombies that were chained up.

"Damn it, it's no good. I can't even get a handle on it." He didn't try. There was a can of food on the table in front of the big zombie, but it didn't touch it.

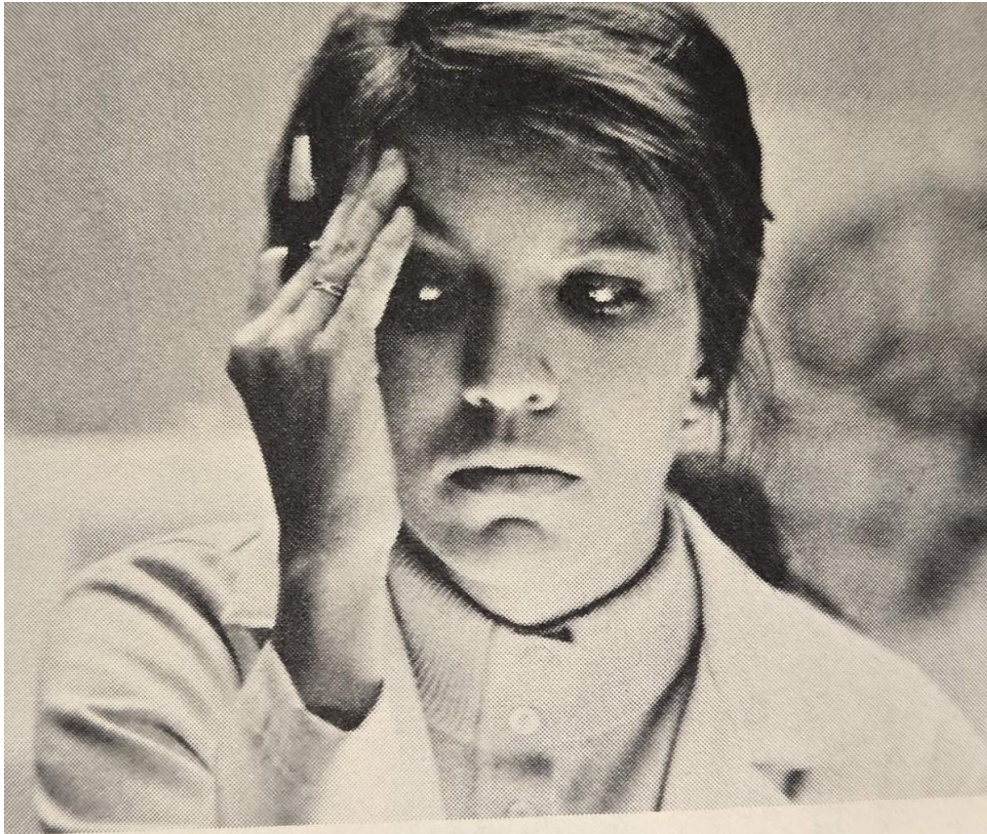
"What's that?" Sarah asked. "It smells awful."

Ted answered, "It's a beef can that the soldiers generously gave them, but they don't look at it. Unfortunately, we're out of the good meat."

"What are you doing? Is this the first step in taming them? They don't need nutrition." At that moment, the doctor, who had come in without anyone noticing, answered Sarah's question from next to him.

"It satisfies their urges. You see, Sarah. They're from our line. They're just like us. They just don't react properly." While the doctor was saying this, the chained zombies were trying to grab at the doctor, almost to tear the chains off. Sarah and Ted instinctively stepped back.

"They will listen to you and be obedient. Just give them rewards, just like we do. Rewards are important. I finally understand that. Let me show you." As if to admonish a child, the doctor then turned towards the zombies.



"That's no good, it's really no good." Then he urged Ted and Sarah to a small room where they could see the inside of the room through the glass. As he turned off the lights in the room, the doctor turned to the zombies.

"Think carefully in the dark. What have you done?"



The doctor went to another room and explained to the two of them, looking at the zombie, who was left alone with only a small light. "I call him "Bub". That was my father's nickname. Can you imagine a surgeon called "Bub?" My father was rich, quite rich. He used to say that I'd never get rich if I only did research."

The doctor jerked his chin toward Bub in the other room. "Bub's reaction is good, so I'm keeping him alive. I'm keeping a dead person alive..."

Sarah and Ted looked at each other and tried to hold back their laughter. The doctor continued. "These days I can't tell. I don't know if they're alive or dead... let's just say they continue to exist."

After saying this, the doctor went into Bub's room and placed three items on the table. They were a razor, a toothbrush, and a book. The doctor spoke to Bub.

"Bub, here's a toy. Try using this. You remember." Perhaps because the room was dark, Bub was quiet this time and did not get violent with the doctor. Instead, he let out an eerie groan and picked up the razor.

Then, looking at his own reflection in the glass of the booth, he put the razor to his cheek and began to shave. The rotting flesh of Bub's cheek was scraped off like thin, blunt pieces. But no blood dripped. There was no fresh blood in his body that could drip.

Soon Bub picked up a book. The book that was chosen as the textbook for the dead was Stephen King's "Salem's Lot." Bub didn't read it, just flipped through it, and groaned again as if he was looking at a nostalgic photo album.





"Bub, you're great, you remembered all those years ago. Today was the first time I've ever given you a book." The doctor praised Bub.

Ted, who was watching from another room, said to Sarah, "What is he trying to prove? I wouldn't be friends with those guys even if they

drove a car."

"I'm more surprised by what it doesn't do than what it does," Sarah said, looking through the glass of the booth at the room where the doctor and Bub were.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it doesn't get excited and thrash around when the doctor approaches."

"It doesn't think of the doctor as a snack." The two were chatting away, when Captain Rhodes and Steel came into the room.

"Are you having fun? What are you doing?" Rhodes gave them a reproachful look, then went into the room where the doctor was, with a look of wanting to say something. As soon as Rhodes saw the horrible monster chained up, he instinctively drew his pistol.

"Don't worry about that. He's quiet," the doctor said, and this time he put the disconnected phone on the table in front of Bub. Rhodes and Steel looked on in amazement. Soon Bub noticed a strange white object. He picked up the machine and put the receiver to his ear.

"Well, isn't it amazing?" The doctor said proudly to everyone. Then he urged Bub. "Yes, Bub. Come on, say hello."

"That's ridiculous," Steel said impatiently to Rhodes, the captain, who was watching in silence. The doctor ignored him and continued his experiment.

"Now, say hello to Aunt Alicia. Hello, Aunt Alicia." And then Bub put the receiver to her ear and said...

"Hello... Aunt... Aunt," he said haltingly. Then Bub dropped the phone and, seeing Rhodes, began to salute.

"He was a soldier. Please salute him," the doctor asked Rhodes, but the captain snorted.

"You want me to salute this monster? Don't be ridiculous."

"Don't ignore him. It's no use to give a bad example." The doctor called Sarah.
"Give me the unloaded pistol."

Sarah handed him the unloaded pistol as instructed, and the doctor placed it in front of Bub. Bub then, from past memories and habits, cocked the hammer and pointed the gun at the captain, groaning.

"It's unloaded," the doctor said, but Rhodes pointed his own pistol at Bub, ready to fire. The doctor continued. "Watch carefully what Bub does."

Rhodes watched closely. But even though the gun was unloaded, Bub still shot Rhodes. Hearing the click of the empty hammer, Bub looked curiously into the barrel and made a gesture as if to confirm. Rhodes was angry and moved his finger to the trigger. But the doctor stood in front of Bub, like a father protecting his child. Dr. Logan was not at all shaken, and looked at the captain with charming eyes behind his reading glasses.

Rhodes, who was at a loss for words with his anger that had no outlet, turned on his heels. He finally left the research room. The meeting was being held again in the war room. Rhodes had been secretly hoping to see what wonderful research was being done by the science team, but his anger was boiling at their foolish research, which was like child's play.

Rhodes called out the three scientists and hung them out to dry. He slammed his rifle on the table where they were sitting and entered.

"You guys, are you sure? They're dead. You want to teach dead people tricks?"

"They need a reward, too, to do what you say." Rhodes didn't really understand what the word reward meant at that point. He wasn't listening, either.

"I only want them to die."

"They want the same of you," the doctor said, not giving in.

"Is this what you call progress?"

"It's the first step. The first step of adaptation. The beginning of social behavior. Communicating with us, living in order, not killing each other like animals. There has to be a reward for that. There's no point without a reward. There's no point at all."

Reward, reward...Rhodes still couldn't understand what the doctor was trying to say. He didn't want to have to understand it again, he decided in his mind.

Chapter 8, There's No Smoke Without Fire

The capture of specimens had begun again in the underground ranch. No one expected that this incident would soon become the prelude to the coming hell of screams and screams. In order to prevent a similar mess to the last one from happening, the military added two more soldiers in addition to Steel and Rickles, and from the civilian side, Sarah and Miguel were again called in to play the role of shepherds, except for John and McDermott, who were uncooperative.

It was Miguel, who was extremely tired, who started the incident. He put a ring around the neck of a female zombie dressed as a housewife that he had taken out of the fence, and pulled her around with a ramrod. At that moment, the leather ring broke due to repeated overuse. The freed female zombie grabbed one of the soldiers nearby.

She bit into the man's head. The man collapsed, spurting blood like the devil's urine. As usual, Steel, who was standing on the top of the wooden fence, fired his machine gun. The female zombie's back was riddled with bullets and her head was blown off, and her flesh fell to the ground.

But it wasn't just the zombies that fell. Steel's stray bullets, which he fired at random, hit another soldier and he collapsed. Meanwhile, a genuine male zombie had taken advantage of the opportunity and escaped the wooden fence, wandering around.

"I can't take it anymore!!" Miguel shouted, brandishing his ram. However, the zombie grabbed the ram and pushed him with incredible force, causing him to fall, and in the process, the zombie bit his arm. Right in front of him, his left arm made a tearing sound. And then it flowed. For a second, he saw white flesh like chicken, and then a torrent of blood sprayed from Miguel's upper arm.

Miguel ran screaming, not caring about the blood spurting out. Sarah, who was holding back, didn't understand what was going on for a moment, but just followed Miguel.

A male zombie was wandering around. Steel went behind it and started firing wildly with his machine gun. Pieces of its head were crushed to the ground. A soldier, leaning against a wooden fence, was pleading with Steel. Rickles the rat just watched, not knowing what to do.





"No. I don't want to. I don't want to be one of them... Kill me, kill me," the soldier was desperately pleading with Steel. Steel was enduring his grief, which was unbecoming of him. After all, they had killed his comrades. Steel had no choice but to pull the trigger of his machine gun. The least he could do was to blow off his head so he

would never have to return to this living hell.

Miguel was running, half-mad, with his arm torn off and blood spurting out everywhere.

They were near the Ritz Hotel where John and McDermott lived. Sarah finally caught up with Miguel, but he was too much for her to handle. Hearing the commotion outside, John rushed to the two of them. While John and Miguel were struggling, Sarah went behind them, picked up a big rock, and hit Miguel on the back of the head, knocking him unconscious.

She didn't think he would calm down otherwise. John and Sarah put Miguel on the ground. When she pulled out the machete that was at John's side, he couldn't understand her intentions for a moment. But the next moment, everything made sense. She casually cut off the left arm of the unconscious Miguel with the machete, preventing the spread of death.

Next, she started to take off his shirt. Her already bulging eyes were wide open. McDermott, who had been watching her, immediately realized what she was up to and brought a can of gasoline from outside the cabin. She wrapped the torn shirt around a stick, poured the gasoline McDermott had brought over it, and set it on fire. The stick with the shirt wrapped around it burst into flames, giving off a pale blue flame. Sarah took it and squatted down next to Miguel, and began cauterizing his wound with a makeshift torch.

Smoke with a fragrant smell like roasted lamb rose up. John and McDermott were holding Miguel down. Miguel, who had been unconscious, regained consciousness and let out an otherworldly scream that seemed to bring back even the dead from their graves.



The scream did not bring back the dead, but alarmed Captain Rhodes, Steel, and Rickles. They had come to take Miguel.

"Get out of there, or I'll hit you with this!" Steel said, pointing his gun at Sarah. She stood up instinctively, and the pilot, John, also drew his pistol. McDermott, who had been the first to notice them coming, had

gone into the cabin to get his automatic rifle, and was standing against the door, readying his gun.

John drew his pistol at the same time Captain Rhodes aimed the gun at John. Sarah, terrified, desperately tried to explain.

"I had the arm that was bitten amputated. It's not infected."

"What if it was?" Steel asked.

"I'll shoot him then."

"That Spaniard, that idiot, caused what's happened to us. If you don't move, I'll shoot you too."

"It's a habit, pointing guns at each other," John said, glaring at Steel.

"Two of our guys are dead because of that idiot."

"Someone here lost an arm."

"They bit him. We'll have to kill him."

"I took good precautions," Sarah said.

"No good. I've seen a lot of stuff like this," Rhodes said. "He's going to die."

"If he dies, I'll take care of him."



"Unless it's your turn," he said.

"You want to sleep with him? You're definitely not getting into the barracks."

"We'll take care of him."

"We can't let him live, Captain," Steel said.

"Do you think he wants to become a monster?" Rhodes said. "Think about it. Killing is a mercy. This guy's dead."

Then, becoming hotheaded. "All of you. Listen carefully, you're already worthless. I won't cooperate with you guys. Tomorrow, I'll take care of all the bastards in that ranch."

With that, Rhodes and Rickles turned on their heels. But Steel was still standing there with his gun pointed at them. Rhodes turned around.

"Let's go, Steel. Come on, don't bother with them." Steel was not ready to give up and was about to fire his gun. Mac Dermott also had his finger on the trigger.

"Remember that." After a while, Steel followed Rhodes and the others, retreating in a huff.

Sarah, who was still kneeling beside Miguel, was still holding the torch, and the blue flame was trembling as she trembled. John quickly took the torch from her hand and threw it nearby, then knelt down and helped her to stand.

"Thanks."

"Now, let's get Miguel in, can you move him?"

"Maybe..."

At that moment, Sarah suddenly felt what she had been holding back, and she hugged John. She cried like a child on the shoulder of John, who was as kind as her father. Her lover Miguel had said that she was a strong woman. But that wasn't true. The stronger she appeared, the weaker she could be.

"Don't cry," John said to her as if to comfort a child, and took her into the Ritz Hotel.

After carrying Miguel into the cabin and putting him to sleep on the sofa bed, the three of them decided to go to the complex to get some medicines, such as morphine. Since they didn't know what Rhodes and Steel would do, McDermott was to escort her, and John decided to stay behind to protect Miguel.

As the two men with guns were about to leave the cabin, John said to Sarah, "Miguel might die."

"Yeah. But we have to do it..."

"I'm watching you. Be careful, if you don't come back in 30 minutes, I'll come looking for you."

"Don't worry. I'll be back."

John stood guard at the door with his gun, watching McDermott and Sarah leave.

Chapter 9, Surrounded by Enemies

Armed and successfully sneaking into the barracks area, Sarah and McDermott went to one of the doctor's many laboratories and stuffed as many morphine and other medicines into their pockets as they could.

"This guy is terrible, is he playing around?"

Seeing the rotting human organs and half-mummified corpses lying around the laboratory, McDermott couldn't help but say. It was a scene that reminded him of the human dissections and experiments of Nazi Germany that he had only seen in photo books.

"Well, it's kind of like a game." As Sarah, somewhat prepared, said this, McDermott removed the white cloth that was hanging on a nearby table. Something was moving under the white cloth. Both Sarah and McDermott couldn't believe their eyes.

The head was that of a soldier who Steel had just put an end to and was supposed to be dead. But... Sarah instinctively pulled out her pistol and was about to shoot it, if it was still alive. It was a human head. The head was frantically moving its mouth as if it was trying to scream something. The two were not surprised by this. Had it also become a zombie?

"Stop it, they're coming. Leave them alone. Get out of here," McDermott hurriedly stopped her. When the two of them left the laboratory and went out into the hallway, they saw the doctor unlock the room where Bub was kept and go inside.

Sarah and McDermott crept into the booth where they could see into the room and watched the doctor and Bub from the dark. The doctor first put headphones on Bub and played some music for him. In the quiet room, the music leaking from the headphones was the famous Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

It was "Ode to Joy."

Sarah thought. *This song is not a song about the joy of life, but music that encourages the joy of death.* A mysterious horror ran through her whole body.

After a while, the doctor held up his bloody index finger in front of Bub and turned the switch.

Bub growled and asked for music again. The doctor signaled that he would turn the switch himself. And guess what, Bub turned the switch himself because he wanted to hear the music.

"Now, I'll give you a treat. It's very tasty." It looked like a bone. Saying that, the doctor gave the treat from the bucket to Bub. Bub greedily bit into the treat. It was like a large cow's shoulder. McDermott, who was watching from another room, muttered with a frown.

"What's that?"

Sarah had guessed. It was the rest of the body of the soldier whose head she had seen earlier in the other room.

"No way, that's so stupid..." Sarah was mouthing something when Captain Rhodes covered her mouth from behind. Steel and Rickles were also standing there with their rifles. The soldiers pointed their guns at the two of them as they led them into the room where the doctor was.

"What did you just do, Frankenstein?" Captain Rhodes pointed his gun at the doctor as well. The doctor was taken by surprise and had no words to reply.

Soon the doctor was dragged around one laboratory after another. The soldiers were looking for some kind of evidence. When Rhodes and the others brought the doctor to a room with a large refrigerator, everything literally melted away. Inside the freezer was the body of a soldier in military uniform, but the head was gone.



"Listen to me, Captain! Listen to me!" The doctor tried desperately to explain himself. He put both hands on the door of the freezer to hide the soldier and explained.

"At least listen to this!" The captain said and fired his machine gun. The doctor stood tall despite being shot and was hit by dozens of bullets in his stomach. The doctor collapsed

shortly after and died.

"Take away their guns! All their guns! My men! How dare you take away my men!" Steel and his men took away the guns from the waists of the kidnapped Sarah and McDermott. Then, hearing the gunfire, scientist Ted came in hastily. He was also kidnapped by the soldiers.

John was anxious in the cabin because the two had not returned for 30 minutes. When he made up his mind and went outside, the soldiers who had kidnapped Sarah, McDermott, and Ted arrived.

"Don't move! Frankenstein is dead. Drop your gun or I'll kill this guy too!" Rhodes said to John, who was pointing his gun at him.

"I'm serious. I shot the doctor dead. That murderer. He's a bastard. Come here, or I'll kill them one by one," Rhodes said, pointing the gun at Ted's temple. John had no choice but to throw the automatic rifle on his shoulder and the pistol he was holding at Rhodes' feet.

"Take his blade too," Rhodes quickly told his subordinate soldier. Steel took the machete from the sheath attached to John's leg.

At that moment, Rhodes mercilessly shot Ted in the head with a pistol. Shocked, John tried to jump at Rhodes. However, Rhodes' gun was pointed firmly at John.

"Stop it!" Sarah cried out.

"We're getting out of here. If you underestimate me, I'll shoot you," Rhodes said, glaring at John.

"We can't all get on the helicopter," John retorted.

"Haha, we're not all going. Just me, my men, and you. Rickles, open the cage and let them in." As Rhodes said that, Rickles opened the wooden fence of a ranch a little further in.

"Stop it! Please!"

While Steel held down the raging Sarah and McDermott, Rickles put them both inside the wooden fence.

"Rhodes, stop it. I'll take you wherever you want," John shouted.

"You're right, we can't all fit on the helicopter anyway," Rhodes said with a grin.

"Rhodes, stop it! I won't fly the helicopter. You'll have to kill me too. Let them out, that's the deal."

"I'll decide the deal. Not you, okay?" Rhodes said, and grabbed the rope that was used to lift the inner door of the wooden fence, and pulled it open to open the cage.



Sarah and McDermott could no longer get out, they had to go inside. They were completely trapped in the ranch of death. Smelling the smell of life, dozens of living dead were approaching the wooden fence one after another.

Sarah and McDermott made up their minds. They instinctively knew that it would be better to run into

this beastly forest and run away than to wait for them to get killed inside the fence.

"Isn't there an old silo in the back?" Sarah asked.

"We can't go without guns." McDermott took out another small container and drank some alcohol. "If we keep going like this, we'll just get torn to pieces."

And with that, the two of them started running. McDermott took some lumber from the wooden fence and ran. The only thing they could do against the zombies was their speed. John, who was left alone, tried to grab the rifle pointed at by one of the soldiers, but was crushed.

At that moment, John kicked the soldier away, but Steel and the others returned and aimed their guns at him.

Then Rhodes said, "Don't shoot him, Steel. We've still got a use for him. Give him a good beating. It'll make him stronger."

Steel didn't waste any time and hit John hard in the stomach. When John ducked in a daze, Steel didn't care and hit him twice or three times in the face. When

John finally fell to the ground, a loud mechanical noise was heard from somewhere. Steel stopped working and shouted.

"Oh, my goodness, it's the elevator!"

"Check it out," Rhodes said, and Steel and Rickles ran off to the dormitory where the elevator was. The elevator was being operated by Miguel, who was supposed to have been injured and bedridden.

He was tormented by the obsession that he would be cornered by zombies, and he was always on the verge of neurosis. The way to get rid of this obsession was to just lure the zombies into the ground and let them go.

What a crazy idea, right? But there was no other way, since he was half crazy. Miguel, enduring the pain in his left arm, stood in the middle of the huge elevator, turned on the remote control, and went up to the ground. Then he went to the chain-link fence and unlocked the entrance. Of course, hundreds of zombies were waiting at the entrance, like young people killing each other at a rock concert.

When Miguel unlocked the door, the zombies followed him and entered the room on their own accord. Meanwhile, Sarah and McDermott were free to graze in an underground ranch swarming with zombies, running desperately through the dark tunnels. In any case, the two of them have no weapons of any kind.

When Sarah tried to pick up the shovel she found at her feet, a hand suddenly appeared from the ground. McDermott noticed and quickly picked up the shovel and grabbed Sarah.

Sarah jumped back in a panic, but a zombie approached her from behind and grabbed her. He swung the shovel down at the zombie's face. The zombie fell to the ground. The sharp edge of the shovel that McDermott swung down pierced the center of the zombie's face, splitting it in half.

McDermott applied more force and drove the shovel into the ground, splitting the zombie's face in half. When he pulled out the shovel, the top half of the zombie's half-torn face rolled around on the ground like a dirty soccer ball. Another zombie was about to attack him, so Sarah hit it over the head with all her might with the lumber McDermott had been carrying.

The zombie's head split in half with a dull thud. The two of them were at a dead end, where a large rock was sticking out. They quickly turned around and ran further in.

The half-face of the zombie lying on the ground was rolling its eyes, searching for the two of them. What's more, a vampire bat, which should only be found in South America, was making a squealing noise and chasing them. She knew it. She had once taken blood from this bat and examined it, and found that it was infected with the rabies bacteria. This thought crossed her mind as she ran.

The rising zombie "Bub" who was chained up in the laboratory was left alone in a room and played with the chain. Suddenly, the chain came off the clasp. Bub was stunned. Now free, Bub began to wander around the dormitory looking for the doctor. Just like Frankenstein's monster looking for Dr. Frankenstein.

Ironically, Bub was tamed after the doctor died.

When Steel and Rickles rushed to the room where the elevator switch was, the elevator had already risen to the ground. Moreover, the elevator switchboard next to the fuse box had been completely destroyed by Miguel. Steel yelled, kicking around everything around him.

"Someone broke it. The only other control is on top of the elevator. Rickles, we can't get out now!"

"Fix it! Can't you fix it?" Rickles began to panic.

"It's that guy, that Spanish guy!"

"Fix it! I'm telling you to fix it. Hurry, hurry."

"You can fix it."

"You idiot! What are you supposed to fix? That guy destroyed the control panel."

The two of them kept arguing back and forth, not knowing what to do.

The pilot John, who had been badly beaten, was still lying on the ground. Rhodes flipped over one of the soldiers who had fallen nearby with his foot, but at that moment, he turned the gun barrel away from John.

In that moment, John jumped on Captain Rhodes and hit him with all his might, lifting his chin. Rhodes and the other soldier collapsed in an instant, and John took the opportunity to open the wooden fence of the ranch himself, grabbed Rhodes' two pistols, a machine gun, and all the weapons he could, and ran inside.

An eerie "Woo" sound echoed through the ranch. John aimed at the head of the approaching zombie and blew it off with one shot. He thought this was a good start, but at the same time, he thought this...

I have to be careful. In this dim light, I might mistake them for zombies and shoot them. But that's not all. If they mistake me for them, my life is in danger. I can safely assume they're unarmed. But even this big rock at my feet would be useless if I hid behind it and attacked them from behind. I have to be careful, and I have to be careful not to panic...

Sarah and the others heard the sound of John's shots at the zombies.

"John!" Sarah shouted back, but it was too late for them to turn back now. They had to move forward even a little, to take a chance on the slimy possibility of escape.

Meanwhile, a zombie with a disfigured face grabbed McDermott's hand from behind. McDermott hit the zombie's head with the shovel as hard as he could, and it fell to the ground, oozing white mucus. The two continued to move forward.

John loaded a bullet into his pistol. At that moment, Sarah and the others approached. They came. No, that's not it. It was two zombies. John tried to load a bullet into the gun in a hurry, but the zombies were approaching even faster. John wondered if he should give up on the gun and run for now. John aimed his gun at the zombies' faces and fired. One shot. Two. Both shots hit the zombies in the temples with ease.

However, the nearby red emergency light was once again illuminating a group of zombies approaching from behind a rock a short distance away. John ran as fast as he could towards the back of the building.

Rhodes, who had been knocked unconscious by John, woke up and realized that his gun had been taken away. The other soldier had also had his gun taken away. The two of them rushed to the elevator where Steel and Rickles were.

"What's wrong?" Rhodes, who had rushed to the scene, asked, and Steel answered.

"That Spanish guy broke the control panel."

"That guy finally got away." As Rhodes spoke, the elevator started to descend with a whirring sound. Steel looked up with a look of distorted fear. The people in the elevator were not only Miguel, who had been torn to pieces by the zombies, but also two truckloads of zombies, nearly a hundred in total.

"What the hell!" Rhodes, the captain of the unit, had run away alone, leaving Steel, Rickles, and another soldier behind.

"Rhodes, wait! Rhodes!" Steel said, and ran down the hallway, where the only cart had already started moving. However, the cart carrying Rhodes was heading steadily deeper into the barracks.



Bub, who had been wandering around, had finally found the doctor. However, it was not the doctor alive, but the doctor who had turned into a corpse and completely changed. Bub groaned at the sight of the doctor, like a child who had lost his father. Suddenly, Bub noticed something at his feet.

It was a pistol that the soldiers had dropped. Bub picked up the toy he had been looking for, carefully, and then he groaned. It took hold. The expression of hatred he had almost forgotten resurfaced on Bub's face, and a cold light that sent chills down his spine appeared in his eyes.



Rhodes, who was riding in the cart, had gotten lost at a time like this. This maze-like underground base was so large that even people who were familiar with it could get lost. The zombies that had been swarming before him stood in front of Rhodes. Rhodes sped up the cart, bumping them over and moving forward. When his cart reached the entrance to the barracks, he quickly opened the door and locked it from the inside. Even though Steel and the others had not yet entered.

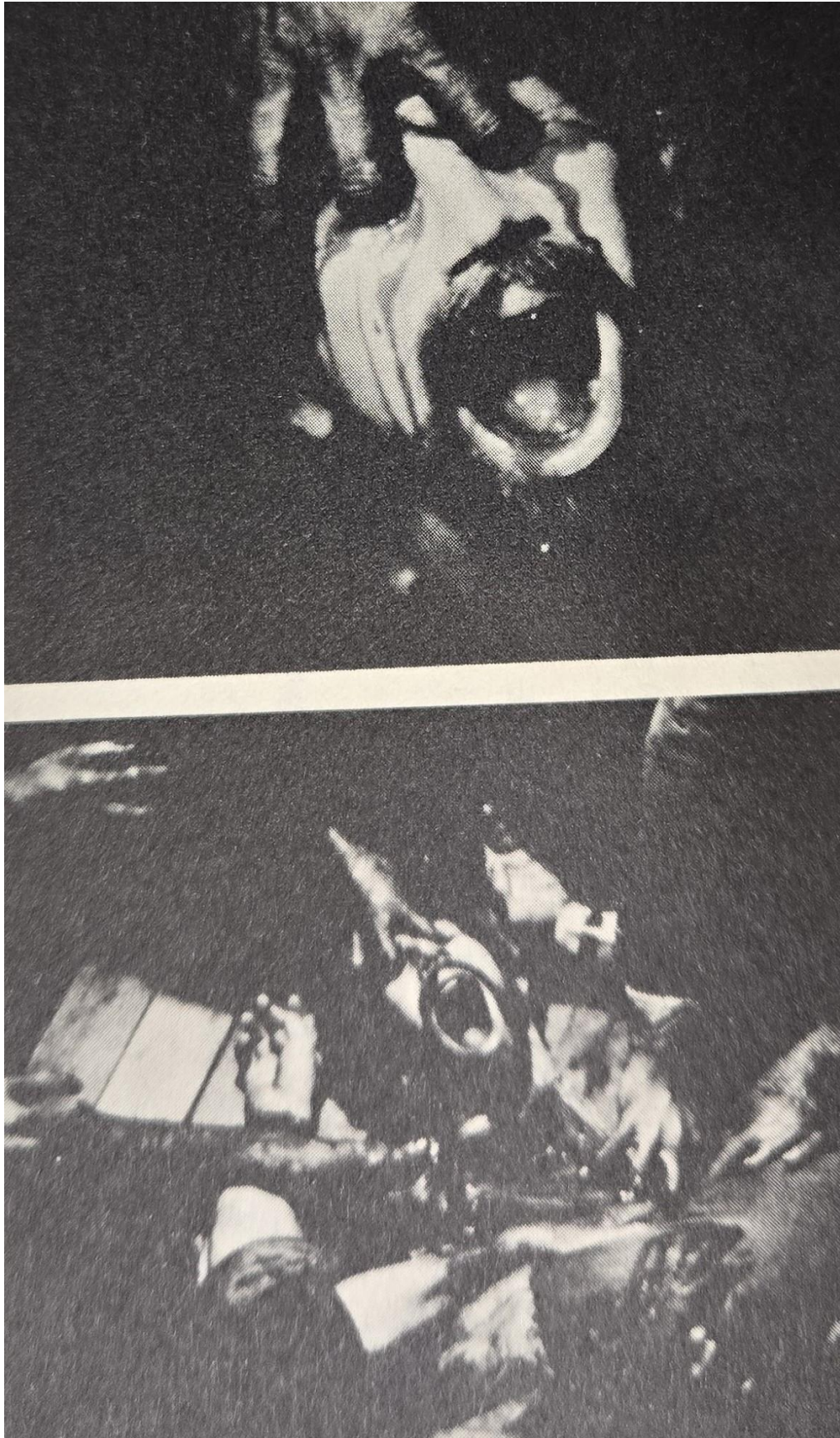
The first victim was a soldier named Torrez. The swarming zombies were tearing his body to pieces. When Rickles saw this and tried to beat them with his machine gun, he became a victim too. He was too late to escape, and he started laughing out loud in front of the zombies who were approaching him. Finally, Rickles went mad, spinning around like a drunken party-goer, surrounded by the zombies. Soon their laughter turned to screams.

The zombies surrounded him and started pulling on his face, legs, and all sides. The zombie grabbed his scalp and pulled with all his might, making his already distorted face even more distorted. He was shriveled, his eyeballs exposed, his lips turned back, his intestines spilled out, and his lower body was cut off from his upper body while still alive. Rickles was still screaming, and the white eyes on his face were watching the direction of his lower body as if they missed their own body.

Steel was standing in front of the door to the dormitory, firing his machine gun at the zombies approaching. Zombies fell one after another. However, the number of bullets that hit was limited. Another army of zombies was approaching one after another. Unable to help himself, Steel fired his machine gun at the door lock.

"Rhodes! Open the door, dammit!" Steel succeeded in getting inside, but so did the zombies. As he was running down the hallway, Steel ran into Bub with a gun. Then, Bub suddenly started shooting at him. Steel narrowly avoided it and fled to a room at the end of the corridor to see what was happening. Suddenly, he saw Bub's shadow crossing in front of the room, reflected in the window in the door.

"You idiot... do you know how to shoot? I'll teach you!" Just as Steel was about to pull the trigger, another door opened and zombies came in. Steel killed them one by one. But one after another, more zombies came pouring into the room. Steel had to think for a second. Should he keep shooting until he ran out of bullets, or should he save one for the last time?





Steel gave up.

He went to the back of the room and crouched down, leaning against the wall and putting the gun into his mouth. As Steel's finger moved from the trigger, the back of Steel's head was blown off and he died in an instant. Ironically, the place where he chose to die was the place

where the zombie specimens were chained up.

At the underground ranch, John caught up with Sarah and the others and joined them. John handed Sarah and McDermott each a gun, and they blew off the heads of several zombies that approached them.

The two of them, armed with machine guns, also fought off several other zombies. Sarah no longer cared that the opponent was a female zombie. The female zombie that was shot collapsed, spurting her brains out like a fountain.

"Follow the red lights." As Sarah said that, the group entered a missile silo that was no longer in use. Although it was a missile silo, there were no missiles stored there anymore. It was said that the nuclear missile that was once placed here had devastated the entire state of Kansas.

The missile was fired at one of their own states to bury the living dead, which had multiplied too much. However, this only created a vicious cycle. The bodies of Kansas residents, scorched by the nuclear heat wave, awakened the spirits of the dead, and only increased the number of zombies. What they didn't understand was why it was aimed at a remote place like Kansas.

Sarah and the others tried to use the silo's elevator to go up to the ground, but it was broken. Not because the control panel was broken, but because it had already been disabled before that. The group decided to climb the dizzying long and narrow stairs, step by step.

When John was about to go up at the end, a zombie grabbed him by the leg. He immediately fired his gun, and the bullet hit the ashen-faced zombie in the chest.

The moment the zombie flinched, John went up the stairs, but when he had gone up four or five steps, another zombie grabbed his leg.

He tried to fire his gun in the same way, but there were no more bullets in it. The moment the zombie tried to bite John's leg, McDermott's gun, who was above him, fired. The zombie tumbled down the stairs.

"Come on, John. Take me to paradise. I'm counting on you." As McDermott said this, John desperately climbed the long staircase, looking up at it.

Chapter 10, The Promised Land

Captain Rhodes went to the armory to get his gun. He quickly grabbed a machine gun from the line and stepped out into the hallway when he felt a strong impact on his shoulder. He saw Bub, who had fired the gun at the end of the hallway, standing with his arms crossed.

"Damn it!" Rhodes hadn't loaded the magazine yet. A sharp pain ran through his shoulder. What's more, he was right-handed.

I'm not to let that bastard get me in a place like this!

Rhodes turned the corner of the hallway and escaped. The moment he turned the corner, another bullet fired by Bub hit his left thigh. Rhodes tried to load a clip into the machine gun, but the clip was a little away, within Bub's range.

If I go to get it, I'll be killed...

"Dammit, dammit!" Rhodes dragged his feet and ran down the hallway. He tried to turn the key to a nearby room, but it didn't seem to open at all. He dragged his feet to open the door at the end.

At that moment, Bub turned the corner and appeared.

When Rhodes opened the door at the end, his face was as white as an urn. There was a horde of zombies waiting for him. When Rhodes turned around, Bub's bullet hit him in the stomach. The zombies grabbed him. Rhodes was enduring more shock than pain when a zombie reached out from behind him.

From the end of the corridor, Bub sent a farewell salute to Rhodes, who was about to collapse, instead of a final shot. Thus, his revenge on the captain who had killed the doctor was complete. The doctor's long-cherished research into taming zombies was thus completed in an ironic way.

The zombies swarming around Rhodes' body began tearing him apart. Rhodes' face was filled with dissatisfaction as he watched his lower body being torn apart and dragged down the hallway, covered in blood, as if to say, "That's mine."

The underground base was full of death. The zombies were fighting over fresh corpses, literally eating each other's bodies. Dragging bloody innards down the

white corridors, biting into intestines tangled in wire mesh, sipping from the sea of blood, sucking on bloody thigh joints, they were savoring the lukewarm food.

Sarah, John, and McDermott, who had climbed the missile silo to the surface, were actually outside the base, so they unlocked the gate and tried to go to the helicopter inside. Sarah looked towards the helicopter, but the zombies were slowly approaching it.

"I hope there's fuel in it," John said. Sarah remembered the argument she had with John over whether to put fuel in it or not, and blamed herself for being so foolish.

"Hurry up," John urged Sarah to open the door quickly. It was a race between how fast the zombies could approach the helicopter and how fast they could approach it. The three of them ran as fast as they could.

Sarah ran as fast as she could, thinking that she had never felt a gun so heavy before. Somehow, the three of them reached the helicopter, and when they opened the cockpit door, a black hand like the one she had seen in a dream reached out from inside.

Then Sarah came back to her senses. Was this a dream? No, it wasn't. Holding her hand to block the bright light, she looked closely and saw John and MacDermot playing on the coastline. And right next to where she was dozing, there was indeed a "40-Alpha" enshrined.

At last, we escaped from that hell and fled to this isolated island in the South Seas. Yes, I was so tired that I was dozing on the sand. Yes, that must be it.

The blue sky, the blue sea, the white sand, the pleasant sea breeze, everything seemed like a dream to her. She put an X in the fourth blank space on the brand-new November calendar and thought about the day that had passed.

Thus, the day came to an end, but Sarah, hoping that a new disaster would not begin, continued to stare blankly at the seagulls flying above John and McDermott.

However, neither Sarah nor the other two noticed that a ship was approaching them from offshore...

Day of the Dead (End)

The nightmarish day has come to an end. How long will the peace of mind of the three who escaped last?

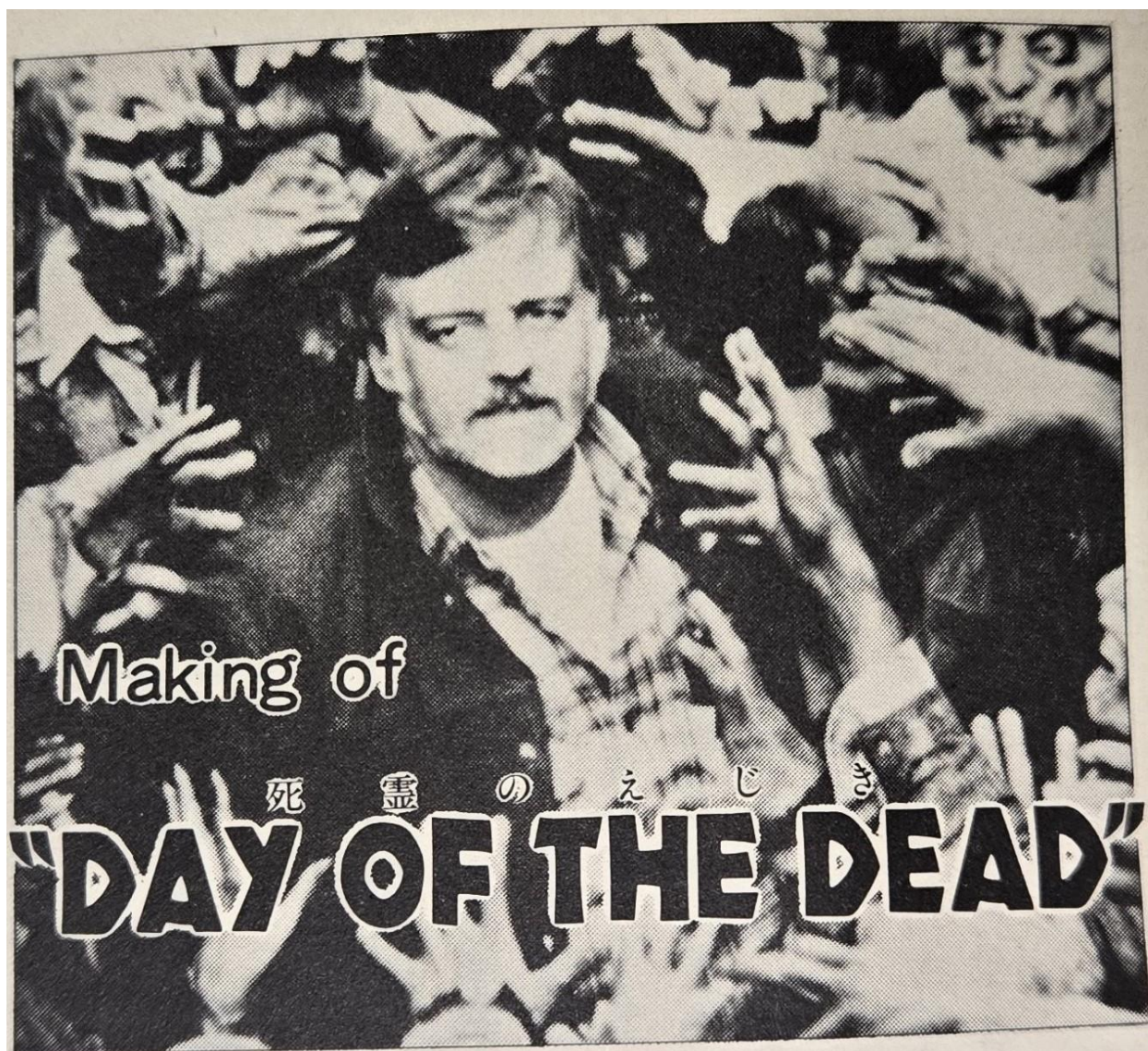


STAFF

Executive Producer	SALAH M. HASSANEIN
Producer	RICHARD P. RUBINSTEIN
Directed and Written by	GEORGE A. ROMERO
Director of Photography	MICHAEL GORNICK
Special Make-Up Effects	TOM SAVINI
Production Designer	CLETUS ANDERSON
Original Music	JOHN HARRISON
Art Director	BRUCE MILLER
Production Manager	ZILLA CLINTON
Editor	PASQUALE BUBA
Costume Designer	BARBARA ANDERSON
Casting	CHRISTINE FORREST ROMERO
Special Effects	STEVE KIRSHOFF
	MARK MANN
Weapons	JOHN WOLCUT
Zombie Background Masks	THS, INC
	DAVID SMITH
	TERRY PRINCE

CAST

Sarah	LORI CARDILLE
John	TERRY ALEXANDER
Rhodes	JOSEPH PILATO
McDermott	JARLATH CONROY
Miguel	ANTONE DILEO Jr
Steel	GARY HOWARD KLAR
Rickles	RALPH MARRERO
Fisher	JOHN AMPLAS
Dr. Logan	RICHARD LIBERTY
Bub	HOWARD SHERMAN
Miller	PHILLIP G. KELLAMS
Torrez	TASO N. STAVRAKIS



By Film Critic

Saburo Muraoka

"The King of Horror" George A. Romero

The People Behind the Romero Project

Tom Savini, God of Special Effects Makeup

Production Notes

Horror Movies Don't Need Big Stars

"The King of Horror" George A. Romero

Looking at snapshots of Romero on location, he looks very reliable. Not only is he big, but his facial expressions, especially his eyes, make him look that way. In a word, he has a great capacity for tolerance. When I shake his hand, I feel like he is the kind of person who is like that.

His big hands give off a warmth that makes him seem unlike someone who makes bloody, cruel, and terrifying movies. However, this gap is probably a plus for Romero. A strange person makes a strange, cruel movie. It's scary after all. Romero is the exact opposite.

The fans who support Romero's movies enjoy scary splatter films, and their enthusiasm is so great that they are even called "Romero believers."

Romero is called "The King of Horror," but I even think that this honorable title has a deeper meaning than just the surface meaning.

It's probably a bit late.

Is it too much to expect that a new name will be needed soon?

Romero was born in 1940 (some say 1930) in the Bronx, New York City, USA. His father worked in graphics. He mainly took orders from theaters and made promotional materials. Romero inherited his talent for graphics in horror images from his father.

Being from a Catholic family, Romero entered the parish elementary school after kindergarten and then went on to high school in St. Helena. In the 1950s, when Romero spent his sensitive childhood, the cruel horror comic "EC Horror Comics" was at its peak in the world of children. Romero became an ardent fan of the comics, and at the age of 14, he made an 8mm film with the neighborhood children. The title was "The Man from the Meteor." There was also an episode where he dropped a burning doll from the roof of a building to film a cruel scene, and was found by the police and given a severe scolding. However, on the other hand, EC Horror Comics was forced to cease publication by adults.

Romero went on to Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh, where he majored in art and design, and also began to work on filmmaking. He also became interested in painting and theater, and participated in the school's radio program.

▼ *His eyes are strict while he works...*



Romero personally directs the production on-site. ▲

He also played an active role in broadcasting.

In other words, he wanted to do something creative. However, Romero says that he didn't think about becoming a film director at that time. Although he loved movies, he thought that movies were something that a bunch of kids made in California. He looked down on them a little. But one day, a professor at university recognized his talent for filmmaking, and Romero's thoughts changed. He realized that you don't have to go to Hollywood to make movies. And that's because he could freely shoot the movies he wanted.

After getting a bachelor's degree in arts, Romero graduated from university a year later and got a job as a cameraman at a TV station in Pittsburgh. A year later, he founded an advertising production company called Latent Image Pro and left the TV station. Pittsburgh was apparently a place where young people could easily try new things. He built up his skills, credibility, and funds by shooting commercials

and industrial films. In 1950, he directed his first film, *Night of the Living Dead* (available on video in Japan). It was black and white and had a low budget, but that actually made it more valuable as a cult movie, and it has become a legendary work.

In 1971, he made the romance film *The Affair*, and in 1972, the occult comedy *Season of the Witch*, but they were failures. He decided to return to horror movies. *The Crazies* (1973, released on video in Japan. The TV title was *The Second Cassandra Crossing/A Town Attacked by Biological Weapons*) was a film that was more frightening for the actions of the crazy people than for the fear of bacterial contamination.

In 1973, Romero met producer Richard P. Rubinstein and founded the Laurel Group. He worked on TV sports documentaries.

In 1977, he directed *Martin* (released on video in Japan). He also starred in the role of a priest.

He teamed up with Tom Savini for the first time in 1977, which led to further success.

The following year, *Dawn of the Dead* was a huge hit, grossing \$55 million worldwide. Romero's dawn had come.

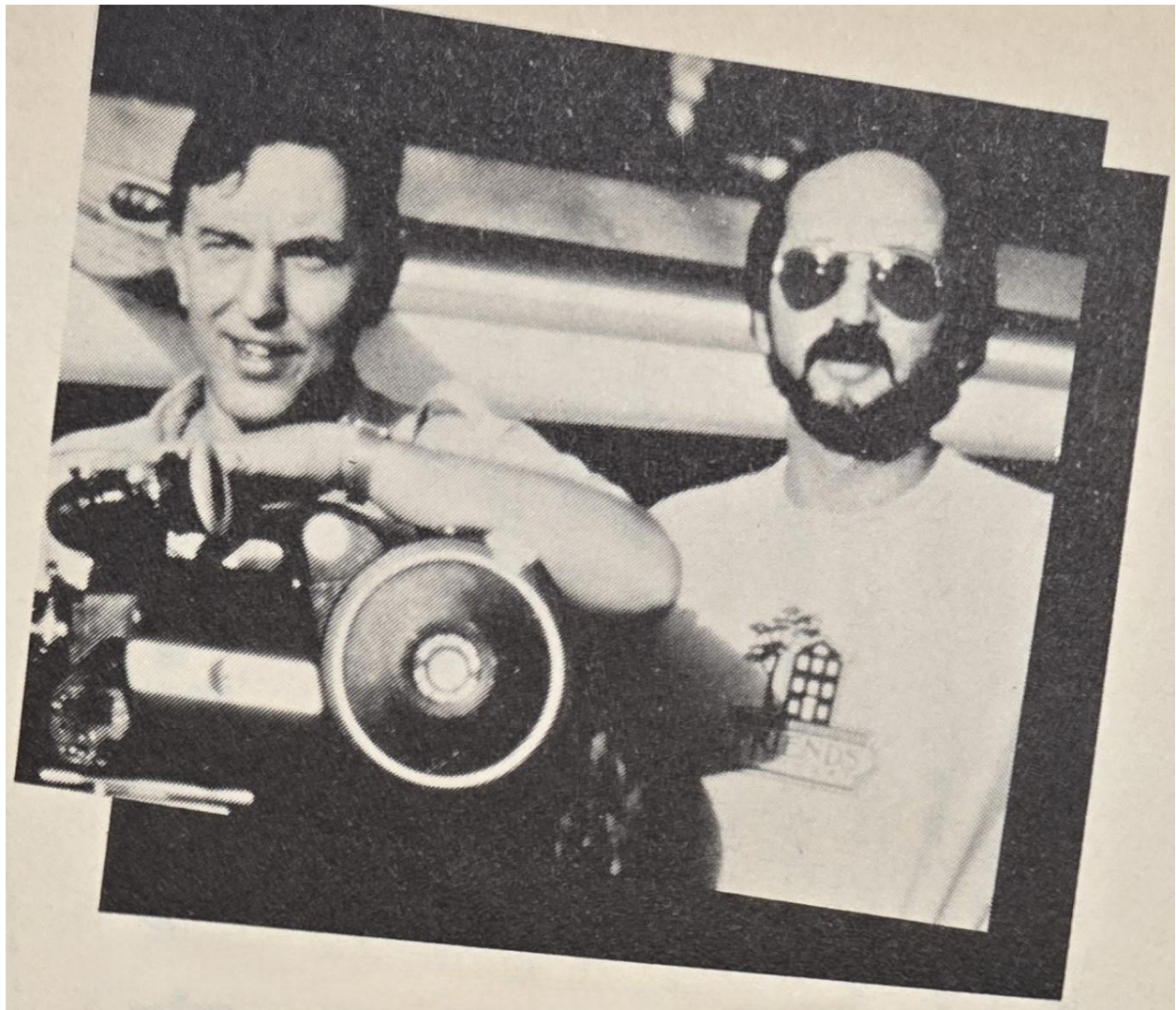
In 1981, *Knight Riders* was not a horror film. It was a film that focused on traveling motorcycle performers. The following year, *Creepshow* was a five-part omnibus horror film. Together with screenwriter Stephen King, he created it with a heartfelt nod to EC Horror Comics. After that, in 1984, he produced the TV horror series *Tales from the Darkside* (released on video in Japan). He wrote the scripts for some of the films, such as *Trick or Treat*, but did not appear to have directed any of them.

Then in 1985, he shot *Day of the Dead* as the final installment of the *Living Dead* series.

Romero is currently preparing to adapt King's original novel, *Pet Sematary*, into a film. His other upcoming projects include *The Stand*, *Creepshow 2*, and *The Night Shift*. Expectations are only growing.

The People Behind the Romero Project

The Romero family are inseparable from Romero. They have been working together for over 10 years. Usually, you start with a project and then gather staff. But in their case, it takes all of them to complete a Romero film. They are all talented. It is true that they acquired this knowledge after getting to know low budgets, but their combination is nothing short of amazing. And another thing to note is that they are all one and the same. And the other thing is that they have no desire to go to Hollywood. Hollywood is a place that all filmmakers aspire to, but even after they have become successful, they have no desire to go there. They are a bunch of people who just love making the films they want to make in Pittsburgh.



▲ *The Romero family is a tight-knit group.*

The parent company of the Romero family is Laurel Productions. Representative and producer Richard P. Rubinstein of the Romero family was born in Brooklyn. He realized his talent as a producer early on. In other words, he knew how to make money.

He earned a master's degree in business administration from Columbia University and set up an office on Wall Street. He coordinated promotional films and TV commercials. Of course, this was a stepping stone to success in the world of show business.

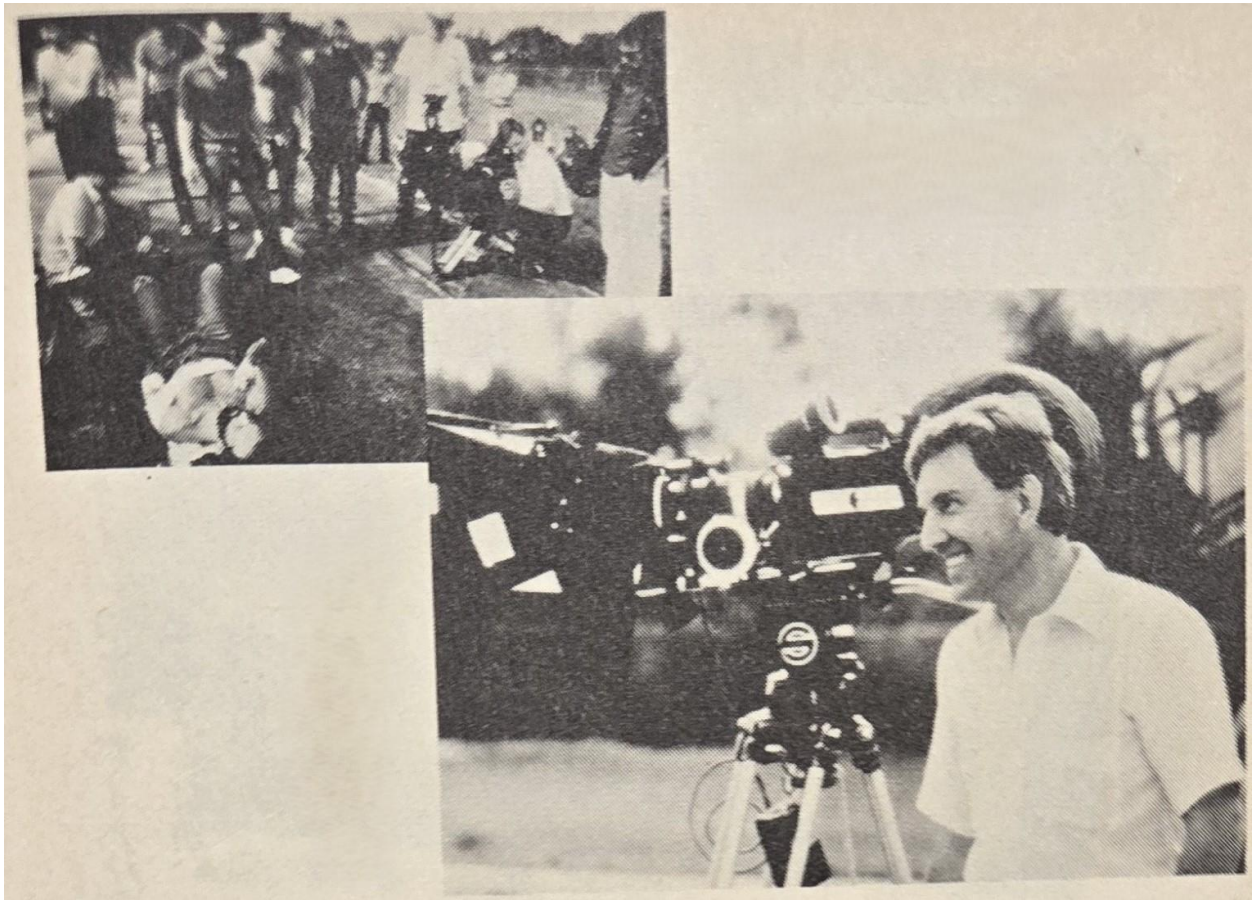
In 1973, he met Romero and founded the Laurel Group. They produced a series of sports documentaries for TV. He gained social credibility and funds here, and entered the film world with "Martin" in 1976.

Their unique approach of being based in New York and producing in Pittsburgh was Rubinstein's idea. He said that being in New York, he could see both Europe and America, and it seems like a story that suits him, having made the blockbuster "Zombie" in cooperation with Italy. His value judgments about movies are simple and easy to understand. In other words, it's a question of whether the audience is willing to pay to see it.

John Harrison, who composed the music, was also the first assistant director on Day of the Dead. He was in charge of the tricky task of directing the extras, the zombies. After studying theater arts at Emerson College in Boston, he went on to study film and TV at Carnegie Mellon University, the same institution as Romero. He became a founding member of the Laurel Group in 1973, and subsequently starred as an actor in Knight Riders (1981) and worked as a composer and assistant director on Creepshow (1982).

He has also directed. These include two episodes in the Laurel Productions TV series Tales from the Darkside, "I'll Give You a Million" (which he also wrote the screenplay for) and "The Great Spell." He is said to be close to making his directorial debut in a theatrical film.

▼ *Their energy is what keeps Romero going!*



Gornick looking through the viewfinder. ▲

Michael Gornick, the cinematographer, says his life changed after meeting Romero and his film *Night of the Living Dead*. He also directed *The Word Processor of the Gods* and one other film in the *Tales from the Darkside* series.

Born in Pittsburgh, Gornick majored in broadcasting at Pennsylvania State University. He was then drafted into the Air Force and edited war film in Los Angeles. After serving in the military, he visited Romero, who he was a big fan of, and seized the opportunity to work with Eric Parker on sound effects for *The Crazies* in 1972. Since working on Martin in 1977, he has been responsible for all of Romero's filmography.

In the case of Gornick, the dream of working with someone he admires has come true. He now thinks of Romero as an older brother.

Cletus Anderson. He is the head teacher of the design department at Carnegie Mellon University, Romero's alma mater. He has participated in Romero's films as a production designer. He has worked on many TV shows before, and was nominated for an Emmy Award (the TV Academy Award) in 1978. *Day of the Dead* is his third Romero film, following *Knightriders* and *Creepshow*. His wife, Barbara Anderson, was in charge of costumes for *Creepshow* and *Day of the Dead*.

And finally, Salah M. Hassanein. He is an executive producer. He has worked with Laurel Productions on three consecutive films: *Nightriders*, *Creepshow*, and *Day of the Dead*. Hassanein, who is 65 years old and holds more than 10 titles, including vice president of United Artists Communications Inc., is a man who built his career from a theater usher to the success he enjoys today.

Tom Savini, God of Special Effects Makeup

Savini is a pro among pros in special effects makeup. He is even called "God". Is it strange to say that he likes the word amateur? According to Savini, the origin of the word amateur is the Latin word for "love". It seems that amateurs love their work more than professionals.

In fact, when Savini starts talking about his work, he can't stop. He seems to enjoy it. And that's probably because he is one of the few lucky people who was able to realize the dream of his childhood of spending all his time in movie theaters.

Born in 1946 as the son of poor Italian immigrants, Savini was practically raised by the local movie theater. He says that all of his pocket money was spent on watching movies.

One day, when he was 12 years old, Savini was deeply moved by seeing James Cagney play the role of the former horror star Lon Chaney in "The Man with a Thousand Faces" (1957). From that day on, he started playing around with his face in front of the mirror. Chaney worked as a special effects make-up artist and stuntman in addition to acting. Savini himself had started studying acting since he was in elementary school. It seems that the young Savini was obsessed with the joy of becoming a different person on stage and the joy of transformation.

"Okay, I'm going to be like Lon Chaney!" Before he made that decision, Savini had naturally started walking that path.

It is well known that Savini and Romero's first work together was "Martin," but the story of when they first met is not so well known. At that time, Savini was still in high school and was one of the candidates for the lead role in Romero's independent film. However, the film, "The Cry of the Fawn," was ultimately canceled. A few years later, when Savini heard that Romero was making a film called "Night of the Living Dead," he flew off to meet Romero again. However, Savini had already volunteered for the army, so he was called up by the army just before the film started shooting and went to Vietnam. Not as a soldier, but as a combat cameraman.

After returning from Vietnam, Savini spent a year recuperating his nerves, then spent six years in North Carolina as a cameraman and stage actor.

▼ *See the magic of special makeup!*



Savini has a boyish expression. ▲

In 1976, Savini returned to Pittsburgh. When he heard that Romero was going to shoot a vampire horror movie called "Martin," he rushed over hoping to get the lead role this time, but the cast had already been decided. So Savini appealed to Romero that he had worked on the special effects makeup for Bob Clark's "Deathdream" (broadcast on TV in Japan) in 1974, and then on "Deranged" (1974) directed by Clark's close friend Alan Ormsby, and finally he was chosen to do the special effects makeup for "Martin."

In "Martin," Savini played a supporting role, but also played the role of Arthur. Then, in the blockbuster film Dawn of the Dead, he fulfilled his dream by playing three roles: a special makeup artist, a biker gang leader, and a stuntman.

His subsequent work has been astounding, including the psychological thriller Effects (1978) directed by Dusty Nelson, Friday the 13th (1980), which made Savini's name a household name, and his favorite Maniac (1980). In Maniac, he

also played a disco boy whose head gets blown off in a car. Of course, it's a dummy that gets blown up.

Savini also played the role of the maniac who pulls the trigger on the gun. Savini himself said he felt bad that he had committed suicide.

He then had a great career with "Eyes of a Stranger" (1981), "The Burning" (1981), "The Prowler" (1981), "Midnight" (1982), and "Nightmare" (1981. Released on video in Japan). In between, he appeared as Morgan, one of the main characters, in Romero's non-horror motorcycle action movie "Knight Riders." It was a work as actor Tom Savini, and the special makeup and stunts were kept to a minimum.

In 1982, he worked with Romero on "Creepshow." He also appeared as a cleaner. That same year, he went to Hong Kong and appeared in "Til Death Do We Scare" and "Alone in the Dark."

In 1983, he directed "Inside the Closet," an episode of the TV series "Tales from the Darkside" produced by Laurel Productions, which was well received.

In the same year, he also directed "Friday the 13th: The Final Chapter" and worked on "Maria's Lovers," a completely unrelated horror film starring Nastassja Kinski.

In 1985, he participated in the masterpiece "Day of the Dead." In a staff room built near the location, especially in a room named "Savini Land," he and his six apprentices created the most amazing special effects makeup ever.

The video "Fangoria Video Magazine Vol. 1/Tom Savini Special" shows the behind-the-scenes of his special effects makeup, which is a treat for fans. Tom Savini says that love for his work is everything. After all, he is the "god of special effects makeup."

Production Notes

Zombies are the living dead, or the dead who are alive. They are also called the walking dead, and the walking dead are the dead who walk. The walking dead remind us of their slow walk, and it feels a little humorous.

But they are mysterious monsters. They only eat raw human flesh and organs. And not as food for nutrition, but simply because they want to eat humans instinctively.

Zombies still have their habits. They gather when they smell human odor, and gather in places that were their habits in life, so they are objects of instinct.

Zombies cannot be killed unless their brains are destroyed or their bodies are burned or destroyed. But they are sure to rot while they are wandering around. When the decay reaches the brain, the zombie's life ends. All that's left is for them to decay.

Zombies don't come back to life because they want to. They were woken up by the cosmic rays emitted by a comet that came close to the Earth. But they have no ability to think. They can't curse anyone, and they can't feel sad. That's where the sadness of zombies lies.

The underground base scenes were not shot on a set.

The film was shot in a huge cave in the now abandoned limestone mines of Wampum, Pennsylvania, which is now used as a warehouse. It covers 125 acres. The tunnels go all the way to the back of the mines, ending in an icy swamp.

The film crew had the same problem as the characters in the film: they wanted to see the sun, they missed the surface. They had to go underground before sunrise in the morning, and only went outside at night when filming was over, leaving the crew and cast exhausted. The crew testified that if they hadn't been promised a guaranteed day off on Sundays, it would have been a disaster. They almost turned everyone into zombies.



▲ *The staff were completely absorbed in the zombies.*

There are more people who almost turned into zombies. These are the people who live in Fort Myers, Florida, the second filming location. One day, Romero's film crew came to the town, and the people had to leave for a while. Tons of sand and dead leaves were scattered on the beautiful town before the people's eyes. Storefronts were defaced and cars were removed.

The people, whose town had been a bustling business center until just a short time ago, was transformed in an instant into a zombie ghost town, and every time the wind blew, they could no longer see the film crew.

They left Fort Myers without a word, with 100-dollar bills flying everywhere.

Their slumped shoulders, dejected expressions and gait were just like those of zombies.

However, it is true that after the filming was over, the town returned to normal and was completely clean, which reassured the people.

They could transform into their favorite zombies and appear in movies. Maybe Tom Savini would do their makeup for them, and maybe they would meet Romero.

The filming location for "Day of the Dead" was crowded with such fans. They came on their own accord, without being asked by anyone.

The extras came from all over the United States to play zombies. Romero didn't need to advertise the film.

John Harrison directed the extras. He also composed the music for the film. But directing the film on location is no match for composing.

Everyone was so excited that they ran around, and they even started biting each other. It was harder than they had imagined to calm down these crazy zombies and get them to obey.

Harrison shouted many times.

"Look, don't forget. You're all dead now. Walk like you've had bad arthritis for about a hundred years!"

But Harrison says he was touched by the enthusiasm of so many fans.

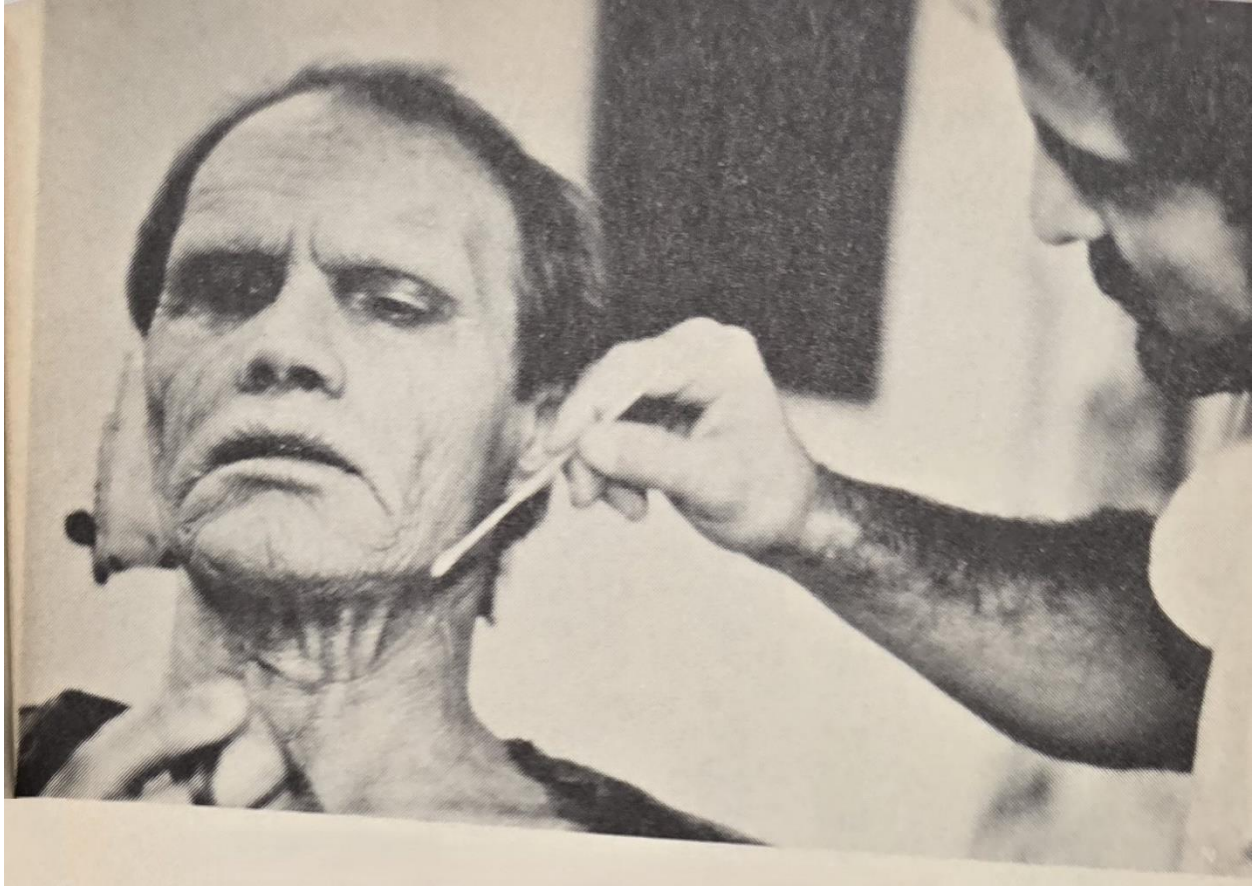
Even though the zombies were only sprayed in the face with cement-colored spray paint, and they were barely visible in the photos, there were still so many fans who came from far away to see the show. The number sometimes exceeded 800, which impressed Romero and the others.

The actors were not all famous stars. Many of them had stage backgrounds, and that's why they took their roles so seriously.

But there was one thing they all had in common that bothered them:

In particular, Lori Cardille, who plays Sarah, and Terry Alexander, who plays John, always ran into this problem when they dug deeper into their roles.

Sarah and John are, so to speak, the good parts of the movie. But in a situation where the zombies are outnumbered by 400,000 people, could a truly good person have survived the horrific battle with the zombies? The question never went away.



▲ *Howard endured three hours of makeup every day.*

But they worked on their roles and came up with their own answers. Cardille said of Sarah:

"Sarah is a very strong woman. She has an incredibly strong will and drive. If she had been even a little bit flexible, she might not have survived!"

Alexander doesn't think of John as a hero. "If he was just a good-for-nothing hero, there's no way he could have killed so many zombies and survived. John is the most well-rounded character in the movie in many ways. But I still don't think he's a hero.

In that sense, Howard Sherman, who plays the zombie Bub, had a lot of fun creating the role. He was engrossed in creating various aspects of Bub's past, such as what kind of person he was when he was alive. It seems like he thought about it in great detail.

Of course, not all of it was shown on screen, and many parts were cut for various reasons, even though the ideas were good. However, it is certain that Sherman transformed the zombies that were just kept for farming into lovable characters. It is also true that Sherman was popular with both the staff and the cast throughout the filming.

Even so, he had to endure three hours of makeup every day. It takes time to apply a rubber mask (with holes for air to pass through) to his entire face and create realistic wrinkles. He later spoke as if it was someone else's problem:

"If there was a problem with the makeup, well, you have to take it off every day."

Of the staff rooms built near the location, no one drew as much attention as the room with the words "Savini Land" written on the entrance.

The owner of this room, Savini and his six disciples, created a wide variety of special makeup effects. When there was a scene with zombies, they had to make 20 elaborate zombies every day that could withstand close-ups. Each one took an hour and a half. It was like a war.

The scene where Captain Rhodes was dismembered was the most difficult for Savini. Joseph Pilato, who played the captain, had always wanted a role that would stretch him as an actor, but he never expected to end up being stretched by a zombie.

John Harrison, who composed the music, was the main director of the film. He began composing the music at the beginning of 1985, when the filming of the movie ended, and it took eight weeks to complete. The most important theme was to create an atmospheric piece of music that would drift through a dead town, and to create the mood of a dead town ruled by zombies. And the result was a great success. As he thought that images and music are each a way of expressing a single film, he created a truly three-dimensional score.

Horror Movies Don't Need Big Stars

This may be a harsh way of saying it, but Romero's movies don't need famous stars.

That's because in most of his films, each character is portrayed as a symbol of a certain type of person.

In the case of *Day of the Dead*, for example, the female scientist is a symbol of women and intellectual personalities, and the other characters are overly caricatured, with a belligerent and selfish authority figure, a devout person, a stubborn and twisted person, and a person who wants to follow orders.

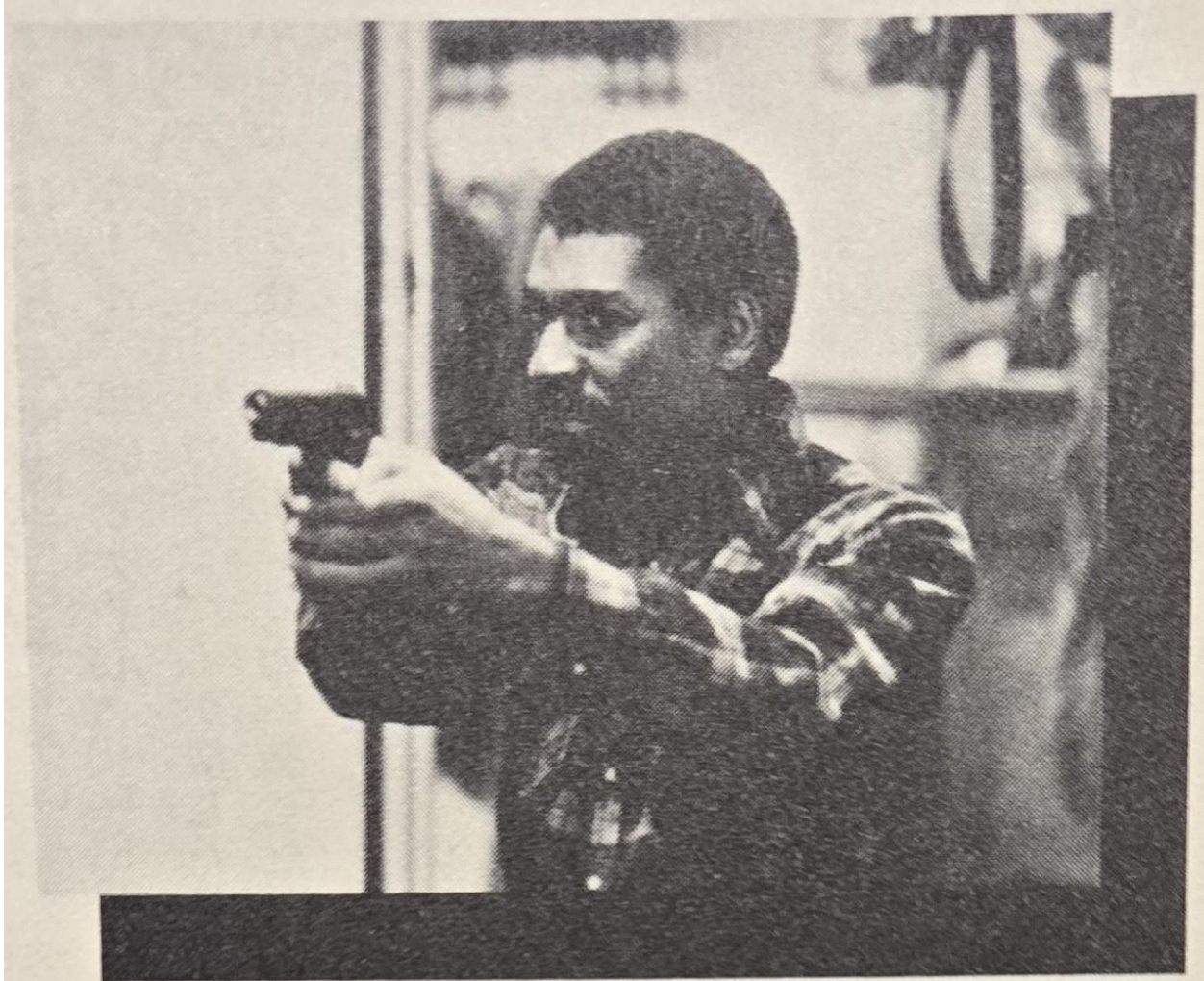
The fact that the characters are stereotyped is usually a negative, but in Romero's films it works. The audience may be confused at first because they can't empathize with any of the characters. But before long, they realize that it has a realistic, documentary-like effect.

And what's great about Romero's *Day of the Dead* is that he gives personality to the zombie Bub, not a human being, and creates a unique character. And the actors who created their roles in their own way are also quite skilled.

This is the film debut of Lori Cardille, who plays the female scientist Sarah. She is smart and cool, and is close to the image of the new heroine played by Sigourney Weaver in *"Alien"*. She has appeared in TV series *"The Edge of Night"* and *"Ryan's Hope"*, as well as on Broadway. Her father, Bill, stage name Chilly Billy, is a popular TV host in Pittsburgh. He appeared in *"Night of the Living Dead"* 11 years ago. Cardille also graduated from Carnegie Mellon University and had known Romero for a long time. The difference between her and Romero is that she was very scared when she was little.

A distinctive feature of Romero films is the use of black actors.

Terry Alexander, who played the helicopter pilot John, was 38 years old and this is his film debut. Born in Detroit, he decided to become an actor at the age of 6 and took an acting course at university. He has appeared in New York stage productions such as *Streamers* and TV series, such as *Fame* and *Benson*. His most notable work was *Streamers*, which ran for a year.

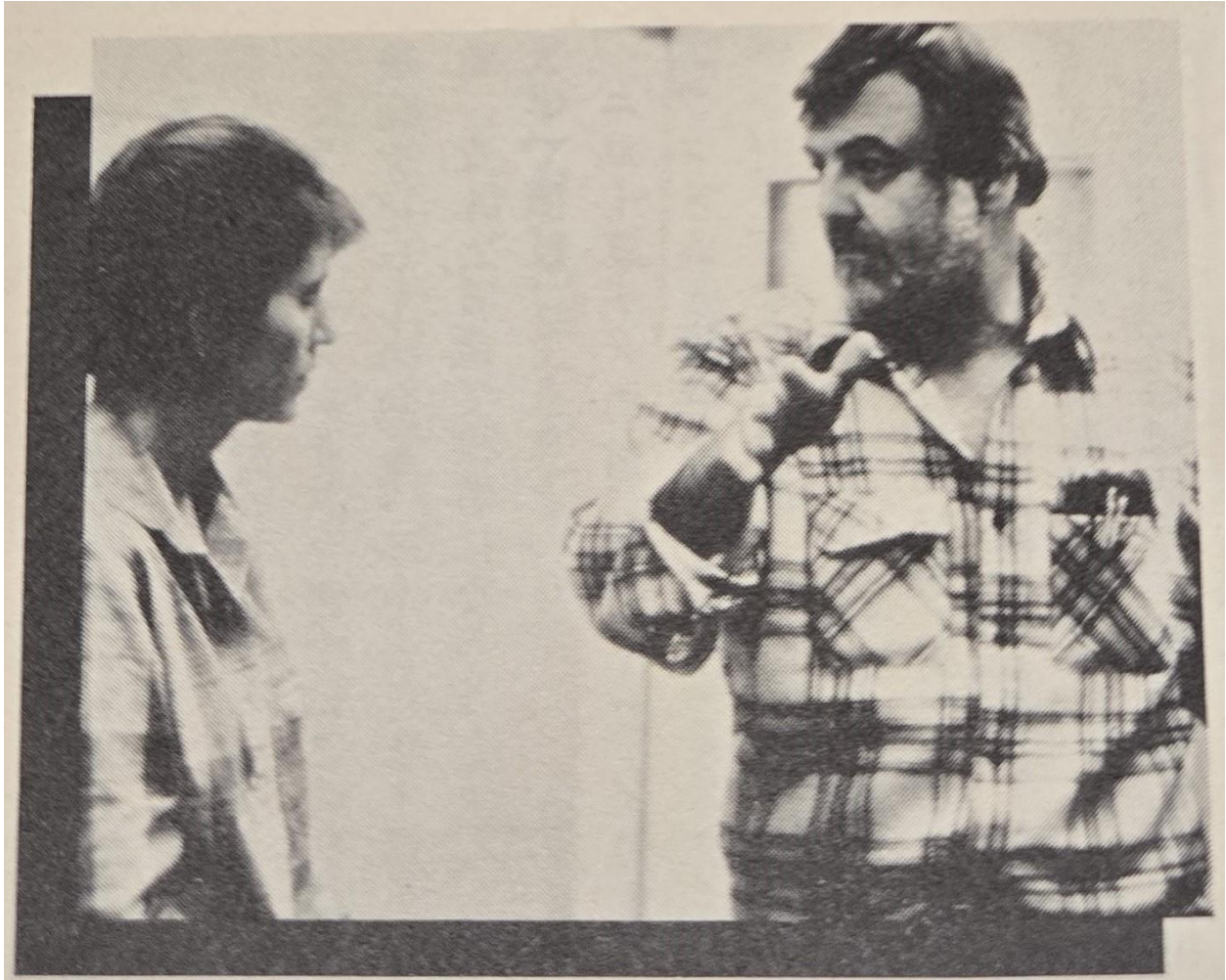


▲ *Black people are always the heroes in Romero films.*

The villain, Captain Rhodes, is played by Joseph Pilato. He has also appeared in *Dawn of the Dead* and *Nightriders*. He was born in Pittsburgh and still lives and works there. His father is also a comedian, and he grew up in Boston. He studied drama at a university in Tokyo and trained at a theater company in Poland.

He is also active, having worked as a production staff member for the movie "The Deer Hunter" in 1978. He read many books about the Vietnam War for this movie because he thought that the jungle battles in Vietnam would have been as terrifying as the battle scenes in this movie.

▼ *Lori Cardille listens to acting instructions.*



Richard Liberty is a veteran with 30 years of experience. It was 12 years ago that he played Artie in "The Crazies" in 1972. He was apparently very happy to work with Romero again. After working as an actor in New York, he founded a production company in Miami. He now does a lot of TV and stage work in Florida.

He doesn't like simple roles, and he said that he gets so enthusiastic about abnormal characters like Logan that it even changes his personality.

The inside story of Howard Sherman's audition for the role of the zombie idol, Bub: He suddenly took out a turkey leg and demonstrated his amazing eating skills in front of the casting director, Gaylen Ross.

His ideas gradually expanded the character of Bub. He also came up with the Walkman. And he eventually helped Romero with some of the script.

Born in Chicago, he is now in his mid-30s. He has appeared in theaters all over the country.

He appeared on the stage of the 1980s and in the 1984 film "Grace Quigley" he played Katharine Hepburn's son-in-law. His wife Niki is a poet and short story writer.

Jarlath Conroy, who played the role of the alcoholic radio engineer McDermott, was born in Ireland. He studied acting in London and appeared in many stage productions. He then moved to New York and appeared in the original Broadway production of "The Elephant Man." His film credits include "Heaven's Gate" (1980) and "The Elephant Man" (1982).

Antone Dileo Jr., who plays the role of the young Hispanic man Miguel, is a stage actor. He also does musicals, and has appeared on stage in "West Side Story" and "South Pacific." This is his third Romero film, following "Knight Riders" and "Creepshow."

Anyone who recognizes the name John Amplas immediately is a big Romero fan. He played the lead role in "Martin." He then appeared in "Dawn of the Dead," "Knight Riders," and "Creepshow." He seems more like a member of the crew than an actor. Born and raised in Pittsburgh, he played scientist Ted Fisher in this film.

Gary Howard Klar, who played the rough NCO Steel, was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut. He has worked on stage, film, and TV. His films include "Gloria" (1980), "Trading Places" (1983), and "A Chorus Line" (1985).

About the work

This is a novelization of the Laurel Productions film "DAY OF THE DEAD" (written and directed by George A. Romero), which was released in Japan in 1986.

X

Kodansha Bunko

Laurel Productions Films

Day of the Dead

Text by Toru Okayama

First edition published April 23, 1986

Publisher: Noma Tademichi

Publishing office: Kodansha Co., Ltd.

2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-ku, Tokyo 112

Telephone: Tokyo (03) 945-1111 (main number)

Okayama Toru 1986 Printed in Japan

Price: 340 yen

Photography assistance: Tohokushinsha

Toei Classic Films

Design: Silverstone

Assistance: Eagles Company

Text printing: Toyokuni Printing Co., Ltd.

Cover printing: Issoubi Printing Co., Ltd.

Binding: Kokuhosha Co., Ltd.

Please send any missing or misprinted copies to our book production department. We will replace them at our expense.

ISBN4-06-190053-6 (0) (Sanki)

X Kodansha Paperback

Film Novel

E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial

What is ET doing on a planet three million light years away!!!

List price 580 yen

Film Novel

A Chorus Line

Young dancers who dance with all their might, dreaming of becoming Broadway stars.

List price 460 yen

Film Novel

The World of SFX Movies

A definitive book that analyzes and explains the 16 categories and history of SFX in detail.

List price 580 yen each

Film Novel

The Return of the Living Dead

The return of the living dead who crawl out of their graves attacks humans one after another in search of brains...

List price 580 yen

Film Novel

Desperately Seeking Susan

■The original novel of the first movie starring the popular rock star Madonna!!!

List price 580 yen

Kodansha X Bunko

Film novelizations

Great horror!!

Fright Night

Ghostbusters

Gremlins

Splash

Beverly Hills Cop

Spartan X

The Protector

Terminator

Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome

Fright Night

A Chorus Line

Police Story

Desperately Seeking Susan

Explorers

Spies Like Us

Kodansha X Bunko Regular Price 340 Yen

ISBN4-06-190053-6 C0197 ¥340E (0)

